LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

A NEW MUSICAL

BASED UPON THE FILM BY ROGER CORMAN

BOOK AND LYRICS BY HOWARD ASHMAN

MUSIC BY ALAN MENKEN

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A NEW MUSICAL

Based Upon the Film by Roger Corman
Book and Lyrics by Howard Ashman
Music by Alan Menken

Playwright and lyricist Howard Ashman's smash Off-Broadway hit, *Little Shop of Horrors,* is the story of the bizarre events that occur at Mushnik's Skid Row Flower Shop. There, Seymour the stockboy has nurtured a "strange and unusual plant" named "Audrey II," after the dizzy blonde shopgirl whom Seymour secretly adores. The odd plant brings unexpected fortune to the shop, fame and Audrey's love to Seymour. But it demands its payment — in a steadily growing diet of human blood. The result is a hilarious and "madly entertaining"* comic feast that engulfs the audience... in laughter.

*JACQUES LE SOURD, *Gannett Westchester Newspapers*

(continued on back flap)

Book Club Edition

LITTLE SHOP *of Horrors*

A NEW MUSICAL

BOOK AND LYRICS BY HOWARD ASHMAN

BASED UPON THE FILM BY ROGER CORMAN

MUSIC BY ALAN MENKEN

NELSON DOUBLEDAY, INC. GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK

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Design by Jeanette Portelli

FOR LEHMAN ENGEL

Little Shop of Horrors opened at the Orpheum Theatre in New York on July 27, 1982, presented by the WPA Theatre, David Geffen, Cameron Mackintosh, and The Shubert Organization. It was directed by Howard Ashman, with sets by Edward T. Gianfrancesco; lighting by Craig Evans; costumes by Sally Lesser; sound design by Otts Munderloh; orchestrations by Robby Merkin; vocal arrangements, musical supervision, and musical direction by Robert Billig; and musical staging by Edie Cowan. Puppets were by Martin P. Robinson. The cast was as follows:

CHIFFON	*Marlene Danielle**
CRYSTAL	*Jennifer Leigh Warren*
RONNETTE	*Sheila Kay Davis*
MUSHNIK	*Hy Anzell*
AUDREY	*Ellen Greene*
SEYMOUR	*Lee Wilkof*
DERELICT	*Martin P. Robinson*
ORIN, BERNSTEIN, SNIP, LUCE AND EVERYONE ELSE	*Franc Luz*
AUDREY II (MANIPULATION)	*Martin P. Robinson*
(VOICE)	*Ron Taylor*

*As of August 10, 1982, Leilani Jones

General Manager
Albert Poland

General Press Representative
Milly Schoenbaum

Originally produced by the WPA Theatre (Kyle Renick Producing Director)

MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT I

1.	LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS	*Crystal, Ronnette, Chiffon*
2.	DOWNTOWN (SKID ROW)	*Company*
3.	DA-DOO	*Seymour, Girls*
4.	GROW FOR ME	*Seymour*
5.	DON'T IT GO TO SHOW YA NEVER KNOW	*Mushnik, Seymour, Girls*
6.	SOMEWHERE THAT'S GREEN	*Audrey*
7.	CLOSED FOR RENOVATION	*Mushnik, Seymour, Audrey*
8.	DENTIST!	*Orin, Girls*
9.	MUSHNIK AND SON	*Mushnik, Seymour*
10.	GIT IT	*Seymour and The Plant*
11.	NOW (IT'S JUST THE GAS)	*Orin, Seymour*

ACT II

12.	CALL BACK IN THE MORNING	*Audrey, Seymour*
13.	SUDDENLY SEYMOUR	*Seymour, Audrey, Girls*
14.	SUPPERTIME	*The Plant*
15.	THE MEEK SHALL INHERIT	*Seymour, Orin, Girls*
16.	SUPPERTIME (REPRISE)	*The Plant*
17.	SOMEWHERE THAT'S GREEN (REPRISE)	*Audrey*
18.	FINALE (DON'T FEED THE PLANTS)	*Company*

THE SET

The set for *LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS* may be thought of in three parts:

THE SHOP (*Mushnik's Skid Row Florists*) *occupies most of the Upstage playing space. Stage Left it has a large display window and a door to the outside. Stage Right is another door, this one to an Offstage workroom. There are two counters—one with a cash register Down Left and another, used as a worktable, Down Right. Upstage Center, on a narrow stretch of wall, there is a large clock which is rigged to perform B-movie tricks denoting the passage of time.*

THE STREET (*Skid Row*) *occupies the Downstage playing space. There are tumbledown stoops at the far Stage Right and Stage Left sides, trash cans, a lamppost, and a fire escape with ladder.*

THE SCREEN, *painted to depict Skid Row flophouses and derelict buildings, divides these two areas. When it is closed, it obscures the shop from view. When it is open, both the shop and the street can be seen and are used in simultaneous action.*

CHARACTERS

SEYMOUR	Mid-twenties and balding. Our insecure, put-upon, florist's-clerk hero.
AUDREY	His co-worker and the bleached-blonde, Billie Dawn-like, secret love of his life.
MR. MUSHNIK	Their boss. A failure of a Lower East Side florist.
ORIN	A tall, dark, handsome dentist with a black leather jacket and sadistic tendencies. (The actor who plays him also plays a BUM, a CUSTOMER, and assorted entrepreneurs.)
CRYSTAL RONNETTE CHIFFON	Three black female street urchins who function as participants in the action and a Greek chorus outside it.
THE PLANT (AUDREY TWO)	An anthropomorphic cross between a Venus's-flytrap and a warty avocado. It has a huge, nasty-looking pod which gains a shark-like aspect when open and snapping at food. The creature is played by a series of puppets that get bigger and bigger with each scene. (The first time we see THE PLANT it is one foot tall. The last time we see it, it fills the entire stage.) Its voice (from an Offstage mike) sounds like Wolfman Jack and sings hot, funky blues.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE

(*In darkness, music under,* A VOICE NOT UNLIKE GOD'S *thunders in serious, prophetic tones.*)

VOICE: On the twenty-first day of the month of September, in an early year of a decade not too long before our own, the human race suddenly encountered a deadly threat to its very existence. And this terrifying enemy surfaced—as such enemies often do—in the seemingly most innocent and unlikely of places.

(*Forestage. Screen closed. Lights up on* CRYSTAL, RONNETTE, and CHIFFON, *singing and dancing à la any girl group of the early sixties*)

"Little Shop of Horrors"

LITTLE SHOP
LITTLE SHOPPA HORRORS
LITTLE SHOP
LITTLE SHOPPA TERROR
CALL A COP
LITTLE SHOPPA HORRORS
NO!
OH OH OH NO-OH!

LITTLE SHOP
LITTLE SHOPPA HORRORS
BOP SH'BOP
LITTLE SHOPPA TERROR
WATCH 'EM DROP

LITTLE SHOPPA HORRORS
NO!
OH OH OH NO-OH!

SHING-A-LING
WHAT A CREEPY THING
TO BE HAPPENIN'

(*Shouted, à la the Shangri-Las*) Lookout! Lookout! Lookout! Lookout!

SHANG-A-LANG
FEEL THE STURM AND DRANG
IN THE AIR!
SHA LA LA
STOP RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE
AND DON'T MOVE A THING!

YOU BETTER

YOU BETTER
TELLIN' YOU YOU BETTER
TELL YOUR MAMA
SOMETHIN'S GONNA GET 'ER
SHE BETTER
EVERYBODY BETTER
BEWARE!

(*Screen opens to reveal the shop*)

COME-A, COME-A, COME-A

LITTLE SHOP
LITTLE SHOPPA HORRORS
BOP SH'BOP
YOU'LL NEVER STOP THE TERROR
LITTLE SHOP
LITTLE SHOPPA HORRORS
NO! NO NO N'NO!
NO NO N'NO!
NO NO N'NO-OH OH OH!

ACT ONE

ACT I

Scene 1

(*As we move from Prologue to scene lighting,* CRYSTAL, RONNETTE, *and* CHIFFON *take places on a Downstage stoop, near a sleeping* BUM. *They will remain there for a while, idly reading monster movie magazines and eating potato chips. Upstage, in the shop, lights come up to reveal* MR. MUSHNIK *at the worktable, reading the* Skid Row Daily News *and waiting for customers who do not arrive. In fact, customers very seldom if* ever *arrive around here. What few flowers are in evidence are on their last legs—wilted, faded, and decaying. The clock moves slowly, accompanied by tic-toc music, from nine o'clock to ten. Suddenly there is an earsplitting crash from the back workroom.* MUSHNIK *shouts in the direction of the noise without getting up.*)

MUSHNIK: What did you break now, Krelbourn?

SEYMOUR: (*Offstage*) Nothing, Mr. Mushnik.

MUSHNIK: Mmgghh!

(*He grunts and returns to the paper. The clock advances. When it hits eleven* AUDREY *appears Right, sporting a black eye. She runs to the shop. As she enters, the clock hits two and stops*)

MUSHNIK: So, she finally decides to come to work?

AUDREY: Good morning, Mr. Mushnik.

MUSHNIK: What morning? It's two o'clock in the afternoon. Not that we had a customer. Who has customers when you run a flower shop on Skid Row?

AUDREY: I'm sorry.

(*She is taking off her coat and checking her makeup as we hear another loud crash from the workroom*)

MUSHNIK: *Seymour, what is going on back there?*

SEYMOUR: (*Offstage*) Very little, Mr. Mushnik!

(*During this exchange,* AUDREY *has been trying to hide the black eye. She grabs some roses from the window seat and starts to arrange them*)

MUSHNIK: Audrey, you'd better go back there and see what he's— (*He looks at her for the first time*) Audrey. Where'd you get that shiner?

AUDREY: Shiner?

MUSHNIK: Audrey, that greasy boyfriend of yours—he's been beating up on you again? (*She doesn't answer*) Look, I know it's none of my business, but I'm beginning to think he's maybe not such a nice boy.

AUDREY: You don't meet nice boys when you live on Skid Row, Mr. Mushnik.

(SEYMOUR *enters with several trays of plants*)

SEYMOUR: I got these repotted for you, Mr. Mushnik. (*He trips over his feet and falls, sending trays of pots flying across the room*)

MUSHNIK: Seymour, look what you done to the inventory.

AUDREY: Don't yell at Seymour, Mr. Mushnik.

SEYMOUR: Hi, Audrey—you look radiant today. Is that new eye makeup?

AUDREY: I'll clean it up before any of the customers get here.

MUSHNIK: Well, that ought to give you plenty of time. Look, God, what an existence I got! Misfit employees, bums on the sidewalk, business is lousy. My life is a living hell. (*He steps outside and talks to the teenagers*) You! Urchins! Off the stoop! It ain't bad enough I got the winos permanently decorating the storefront? I need three worthless ragamuffins to complete the picture?

RONNETTE: We ain't bothering nobody, are we, Crystal?

CRYSTAL: No we're not, Ronnette.

MUSHNIK: You ought to be in school.

CHIFFON: We're on the split shift.

RONNETTE: Right. We went to school until the fifth grade, then we split.

MUSHNIK: So how do you intend to better yourselves?

CRYSTAL: Better ourselves? Mister, when you from Skid Row, ain't no such thing.

"Downtown (Skid Row)"

ALARM GOES OFF AT SEVEN
AND YOU START UPTOWN.
YOU PUT IN YOUR EIGHT HOURS
FOR THE POWERS THAT HAVE ALWAYS BEEN.

RONNETTE: Sing it, child.

CRYSTAL:
TILL IT'S FIVE P.M.

WINO:
THEN YOU GO

GIRLS:
DOWNTOWN
WHERE THE FOLKS ARE BROKE
YOU GO
DOWNTOWN
WHERE YOUR LIFE'S A JOKE
YOU GO
DOWNTOWN
WHEN YOU BUY YOUR TOKEN, YOU GO—
HOME TO SKID ROW!

WINO:
YES, YOU GO

ALL:
DOWNTOWN

CRYSTAL:
WHERE THE CABS DON'T STOP.

ALL:
DOWNTOWN

MUSHNIK:
WHERE THE FOOD IS SLOP.

ALL:
DOWNTOWN
WHERE THE HOPHEADS FLOP IN THE SNOW!
DOWN ON SKID ROW!

GIRLS:
UPTOWN YOU CATER TO A MILLION JERKS
UPTOWN YOU'RE MESSENGERS AND MAILROOM CLERKS

EATIN' ALL YOUR LUNCHES AT THE HOT-DOG CARTS
THE BOSSES TAKE YOUR MONEY AND THEY BREAK YOUR HEARTS
AND
UPTOWN YOU CATER TO A MILLION WHORES
YOU DISINFECT TERRAZZO ON THEIR BATHROOM FLOORS
YOUR MORNING'S TRIBULATION, AFTERNOON'S A CURSE
AND FIVE O'CLOCK IS EVEN WORSE—

WINO:
THAT'S WHEN YOU GO

ALL:
DOWNTOWN

AUDREY:
WHERE THE GUYS ARE DRIPS.

ALL:
DOWNTOWN

AUDREY:
WHERE THEY RIP YOUR SLIPS.
DOWNTOWN
WHERE RELATIONSHIPS ARE NO-GO.

ALL:
DOWN ON SKID ROW!

SEYMOUR:
POOR!
ALL MY LIFE, I'VE ALWAYS BEEN POOR!
I KEEP ASKING GOD WHAT I'M FOR,
AND HE TELLS ME,
"GEE, I'M NOT SURE . . .
SWEEP THAT FLOOR, KID"
OH!
I STARTED LIFE AS AN ORPHAN,
CHILD OF THE STREET, HERE ON SKID ROW!
(*Refers to* MUSHNIK)

HE TOOK ME IN, GAVE ME SHELTER,
A BED, CRUST OF BREAD, AND A JOB—
TREATS ME LIKE DIRT,
CALLS ME A SLOB,
WHICH I AM!
SO I LIVE . . .

OTHERS:
DOWNTOWN

SEYMOUR:
THAT'S YOUR HOME ADDRESS, YA LIVE

OTHERS:
DOWNTOWN

SEYMOUR:
WHEN YOUR LIFE'S A MESS, YA LIVE

OTHERS:
DOWNTOWN

SEYMOUR:
WHERE DEPRESSION'S JES' STATUS QUO!

OTHERS:
DOWN ON SKID ROW

SEYMOUR:
SOMEONE SHOW ME A WAY TO GET OUTA HERE
'CAUSE I CONSTANTLY PRAY I'LL GET OUTA HERE
PLEASE WON'T SOMEBODY SAY I'LL GET OUTA HERE
SOMEONE GIMME MY SHOT OR I'LL ROT HERE!

SEYMOUR:
SHOW ME HOW AND I WILL,
I'LL GET OUTA HERE
I'LL START CLIMBIN' UPHILL
AND GET OUTA HERE

OTHERS:
DOWNTOWN
THERE'S NO RULES FOR US,
WHO LIVE
DOWNTOWN—

SEYMOUR:
SOMEONE TELL ME I STILL
COULD GET OUTA HERE
SOMEONE TELL LADY LUCK
THAT I'M STUCK HERE!

SEYMOUR AND AUDREY:
GEE, IT SURE WOULD BE
SWELL TO GET OUTA HERE
BID THE GUTTER FAREWELL
AND GET OUTA HERE
I'D MOVE HEAVEN AND HELL
TO GET OUTA SKID

I'D DO I-DUNNO-WHAT TO
GET OUTA SKID,
BUT A HELL OF A LOT TO
GET OUTA SKID,
PEOPLE TELL ME THERE'S
NOT A WAY OUTA SKID
BUT BELIEVE ME I GOTTA
GET OUTA SKID . . .

ALL:
ROW!

OTHERS:
'CAUSE IT'S DANGEROUS TO
LIVE
DOWNTOWN
WHERE THE RAINBOW'S JUST
A NO-SHOW!
WHEN YOU LIVE . . .

DOWNTOWN
WHERE THE SUN DON'T
SHINE!
DOWNTOWN
PAST THE BOTTOM LINE
DOWNTOWN
GO ASK ANY WINO,
HE'LL KNOW
DOWNTOWN!
DOWNTOWN!
DOWNTOWN! SKID . . .

(*At the end of the number all return to what they were doing. The clock turns, finally reaching six*)

MUSHNIK: Look at that! Six o'clock and we didn't sell so much as a fern. I guess this is it. Don't bother coming in tomorrow. (*He takes the sign from the door*)

AUDREY: You don't mean.

SEYMOUR: You can't mean.

MUSHNIK: What, what, what don't I mean? I mean I'm closed, forget it, *kaput.*

AUDREY: You can't.

MUSHNIK: *Kaput!* Extinct! I'm closing this God-and-customer-forsaken place.

SEYMOUR: Mr. Mushnik, forgive me for saying so, but has it ever occurred to you that maybe what the firm needs is to move in a new direction?

AUDREY: What Seymour's trying to say, Mr. Mushnik, is . . . Well, we've talked about it and we both agree . . . Seymour, why don't you run in back and bring out that strange and interesting new plant you've been working on?

(SEYMOUR *exits to the back room*)

AUDREY: You see, Mr. Mushnik, some of those exotic plants Seymour has been tinkering around with are really unusual. We both think that maybe some of his strange and interesting plants, prominently displayed and advertised, would attract business.

SEYMOUR: (*He enters carrying a large but sickly-looking plant—unlike any you have ever seen*) I'm afraid it isn't feeling very well today.

AUDREY: There. Now, isn't that *bizarre*?

MUSHNIK: At least. What kind of weirdo plant is that, Seymour?

SEYMOUR: I don't know. It looks like some kind of flytrap, but I haven't been able to identify it in any of my books. So I gave it my own name. I call it an Audrey Two.

AUDREY: (*Deeply moved*) After me?

SEYMOUR: (*Shy and gazing at her*) I hope you don't mind. (*To* MUSHNIK) You see sir, if you put a strange and interesting plant like this, here in the window, maybe—

MUSHNIK: Maybe what? Do you have any idea how ridiculous you sound? Just because you put a strange and interesting plant in a window, people don't suddenly—

(*Suddenly a* CUSTOMER *appears at the door*)

CUSTOMER: Excuse me, I couldn't help noticing that strange and interesting plant. What is it?

AUDREY: It's an Audrey Two.

CUSTOMER: I've never seen anything like it before.

SEYMOUR: No one has.

CUSTOMER: Where did you get it?

SEYMOUR: Well . . .

"Da-Doo"

SEYMOUR: You remember that total eclipse of the sun a few weeks ago?

GIRLS: (*Singing backup from outside*)

DA-DOO

SEYMOUR: I was walking in the wholesale flower district that day.

GIRLS:

SHOOP-DA-DOO

SEYMOUR: And I passed by this place where this old Chinese man—

GIRLS:

CHANG-DA-DOO

SEYMOUR: —he sometimes sells me weird and exotic cuttings—

GIRLS:
SNIP-DA-DOO

SEYMOUR: —'cause he knows—strange plants are my hobby!

GIRLS:
DA-DA-DA-DA-DA
DA-DOO

SEYMOUR: He had nothing unusual there that day.

GIRLS:
NOPE DA-DOO

SEYMOUR: And I was about to—you know—walk on by.

GIRLS:
GOOD FOR YOU

SEYMOUR: When suddenly and without warning, there was this . . .

SEYMOUR AND GIRLS:
TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN!

SEYMOUR: It got very dark. And then I heard a strange humming sound, like something from another world.

GIRLS:
DA-DOO

SEYMOUR: And when the light came back, this weird plant was just sitting there.

GIRLS:
OOPS-EE-DOO

SEYMOUR: Just stuck in, you know, among the zinnias?

GIRLS:
AUD-REE-TWO

SEYMOUR: I coulda sworn it hadn't been there before. But the old Chinese man sold it to me anyway. For a dollar ninety-five.

GIRLS:
SHA-LA-LA-LA-LA-LA
DOO-DOO-DOO-DOO!

(*Music out*)

CUSTOMER: Well, it's an unusual story and a fascinating plant. (*Starts out, then turns*) Oh—I may as well take fifty dollars' worth of roses while I'm here.

MUSHNIK: Fifty dollars! Yessir, right away, sir!

CUSTOMER: Can you break a hundred?

MUSHNIK: (*Opens register and dust flies out*) Er . . . no . . . I'm afraid we . . . er . . . closed the register for the day.

CUSTOMER: Well then, I'll just have to take twice as many, won't I?

MUSHNIK: Twice as many. A hundred dollars' worth.

(AUDREY *grabs and takes them to the Right table, wrapping them in* MUSHNIK's *newspaper*)

CUSTOMER: Thank you very much. Yessir, that is one strange and interesting plant. (*He exits*)

MUSHNIK: (*After a silent moment in which neither he nor his employees can believe what just happened*) Well, don't just stand there! Quick! Quick! Quick! Put that plant—what do you call it?

SEYMOUR: An Audrey Two.

MUSHNIK: Put that Audrey Two in the window where the passersby can see. My God, I'd never have believed it. My children, I'm taking us all to dinner!

AUDREY: Oh, I'd like to, Mr. Mushnik, but I have a date.

MUSHNIK: With the same nogoodnik? I'm telling you, Audrey, you don't need a date with him, you need major medical. He ain't a good clean kinda boy.

AUDREY: (*Putting her coat on*) He's a professional.

MUSHNIK: What kind of professional drives a motorcycle and wears a black leather jacket?

AUDREY: He's a rebel, Mr. Mushnik, but he makes good money, and besides, he's the only fella I've got. Enjoy dinner. Good night, Seymour.

SEYMOUR: Good night.

(*She exits*)

MUSHNIK: Poor girl.

SEYMOUR: Are we still going to dinner?

(*Music.* THE PLANT *wilts*)

MUSHNIK: You're not going anywhere, Krelbourn. You're staying right here and taking care of this sick plant. How come it's fainting all the time?

SEYMOUR: I told you, it's been giving me trouble. It just *wilts* like this. The Audrey Two is not a healthy girl.

MUSHNIK: Strictly between us, neither is the Audrey One.

SEYMOUR: If only I knew what breed it is, what genus. But it's nowhere in the books.

MUSHNIK: Well Krelbourn, my advice to you is you better figure it out and fast. Look what this exotic little beauty did for business!

SEYMOUR: I know.

MUSHNIK: So work, Seymour! Nurse that plant back to health. I'm counting on you.

SEYMOUR: I know.

MUSHNIK: You do?

SEYMOUR: I do.

MUSHNIK: So fix! Good night. (*To* CRYSTAL *as he leaves*) Off! Off! Off the stoop, you urchin!

SEYMOUR: (*Now alone in the shop. Sunset. He feeds and waters* THE PLANT *gently as he speaks to it*) Aw Twoey, I don't know what else to do for you. Mr. Mushnik and Audrey, they just met you, but I've been through this with you for *weeks*—grow and wilt, spurt and flop. Are you sickly, little plant, or just plain stubborn? What is it you want? What is it you need? (*Sings*)

"Grow for Me"

I'VE GIVEN YOU SUNSHINE
I'VE GIVEN YOU DIRT
YOU'VE GIVEN ME NOTHIN'
BUT HEARTACHE AND HURT!
I'M BEGGIN' YOU SWEETLY
I'M DOWN ON MY KNEES.
OH PLEASE—
GROW FOR ME.

I'VE GIVEN YOU PLANT FOOD
AND WATER TO SIP
I'VE GIVEN YOU POTASH.
YOU'VE GIVEN ME—ZIP.
OH GOD HOW I MIST YOU
OH POD HOW YOU TEASE
SO PLEASE—
GROW FOR ME.

I'VE GIVEN YOU SOUTHERN EXPOSURE
TO GET YOU TO THRIVE.
I'VE PINCHED YOU BACK HARD
LIKE I'M SUPPOSED TA—
YOU'RE BARELY ALIVE.
I'VE TRIED YOU AT LEVELS OF MOISTURE,
FROM DESERT TO MUD.
I'VE GIVEN YOU GROW-LIGHTS AND MINERAL SUPPLEMENTS.
WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?
BLOOD?

(*On the word "Blood"* THE PLANT *perks up noticeably. But* SEYMOUR, *who has turned his back for a moment, doesn't catch it. Music builds under, as* SEYMOUR *starts to clean up the shop. As he's putting the roses away, he pricks his finger*)

Ouch! Damned roses! Damned thorns! Clumsy me, look what I did, Twoey.

(*He shows the finger to* THE PLANT. *It opens its flytrap-like "mouth"*)

Hey, you're opening up. What made you do that? (*Puts his finger behind his back and* THE PLANT *closes. Reveals it again, and* THE PLANT *opens up*) I think I *know* what made you do that. Well, I guess a few drops couldn't hurt. Long as you don't make a habit of it or anything.

I'VE GIVEN YOU SUNLIGHT
I'VE GIVEN YOU RAIN
LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE NOT HAPPY
'LESS I OPEN A VEIN!
I'LL GIVE YOU A FEW DROPS

IF THAT'LL APPEASE
NOW PLEASE—
OH PLEASE—

(SEYMOUR *squeezes his finger over* THE PLANT, *extracting a drop or two of blood. The "mouth" opens, begging for more*)

GROW FOR ME!

(SEYMOUR *exits into the back room. As music builds, we see* THE PLANT *begin to grow . . . and grow . . . and grow. It's still getting bigger as lights fade to black*)

BLACKOUT

ACT I

Scene 2

(*Screen closed. Forestage.* MUSHNIK, CRYSTAL, CHIFFON, *and* RONNETTE *sit Stage Right, gathered around a little transistor radio. We overhear the program they are listening to: the end of an interview with* SEYMOUR.)

INTERVIEWER: And thus we conclude our interview with Seymour Krelbourn, the young botanical—do you mind if I call you a genius?

SEYMOUR: Gosh, no.

INTERVIEWER: The genius who has developed a new breed of plant life, hitherto unknown on this planet. The Audrey Two. Oh, just one last question, Mr. Krelbourn. Do you feed it anything special?

SEYMOUR: Special? Er . . . no . . . it's a secret formula, but it's . . . uh . . . not hard to come by.

INTERVIEWER: I see. Well, thanks for dropping by and—

SEYMOUR: I'd like to remind our listeners that the Audrey Two is on display exclusively at Mushnik's Skid Row Florists, open six days a week, ten to six!

MUSHNIK: The address, the address! Mention the— Oh well. It's still worth its weight in advertising.

"Don't It Go to Show Ya Never Know"

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT
IT COULDN'T BE HAPPENING.
PINCH ME, GIRLS
IT COULDN'T BE HAPPENING
ALL OF THIS SUDDEN SUCCESS
COMING OUTA THE BLUE!

I PUT A SIGN UP
RIGHT IN THE FRONT WINDOW
AN ADVERTISEMENT
RIGHT IN THE FRONT WINDOW—
"STOP IN AND SEE THE AMAZING NEW PLANT,
AUDREY TWO"
AND THE REALLY REMARKABLE THING
IS THAT PEOPLE, THEY DO!

SEYMOUR, THAT TWERP OF A KLUTZ,
FINALLY DID SOMETHING RIGHT.
AUDREY TWO DRIVES 'EM NUTS—
WHAT A BLESSING THIS WONDERFUL PLANT SHOULD EXIST
AND SHOULD RAKE IN THE BUCKS FOR ME HAND OVER FIST!

SEYMOUR: (*Enters, carrying* AUDREY TWO *in a flower pot.* THE PLANT *is now much larger—almost two feet tall*) Well, how'd I do?

CHIFFON: You was great, Seymour!

CRYSTAL: You sounded sexier than the Wolfman!

MUSHNIK: But you didn't mention the address of the shop. How many times have I told you—

SEYMOUR: I'm sorry. I was nervous. Where's Audrey? She said she'd be here.

MUSHNIK: Forget about Audrey. I've got three more radio interviews lined up for tomorrow and the *Skid Row Herald Examiner* wants a picture!

SEYMOUR: If I had a mother, she'd be so happy.

RONNETTE: You an overnight sensation, Seymour. Who'da believed it?

(RONNETTE *moves Downstage to sing.* MUSHNIK *snaps several photos of* SEYMOUR *and exits*)

"Ya Never Know"

ONE DAY HE
PUSHED A BROOM
NOTHIN' IN HIS NEWS BUT
GLOOM AND DOOM
THEN HE LIT A FUSE AND—
GIVE HIM ROOM—
STAND ASIDE AND WATCH THAT MOTHAH BLOW!
EXPLOSION!
BANG! KERBOOM!
DON'T IT GO TO SHOW YA NEVER KNOW?

(*As the song progresses and the* GIRLS *sing and dance in celebration of* SEYMOUR'S *success,* THE PLANT, *a hand puppet, mischievously snaps at the humans.* SEYMOUR *is hard put to hide* AUDREY TWO'S *bloodlust*)

GIRLS:
SEYMOUR WAS
IN A FUNK
HE WAS NUMBER ZERO
WHO'DA THUNK
HE'D BECOME A HERO?
JUST A PUNK
HE WAS A FORGOTTEN SO-AND-SO
THEN ONE DAY

SEYMOUR:
CRASH! KERPLUNK!

GIRLS:
DON'T IT GO TO SHOW YA NEVER KNOW?

RONNETTE:
ALL THE WORLD USED TO SCREW HIM
BIF WHAM POW, NOW THEY INTERVIEW HIM
AND THEY CLAMOR TO PUT HIS REMARKS ON THE AIR!
ALL THE WORLD USED TO HATE HIM
NOW THEY'RE STARTING TO 'PRECIATE HIM
ALL BECAUSE OF THAT STRANGE LITTLE PLANT OVER THERE

GIRLS:
OBSERVE HIM!
HERE'S A CHAP
EVERYTHING IS LANDIN'
IN HIS LAP!

SEYMOUR: (*Aside*)
I JUST CUT MY HAND AND
IN A SNAP!
SOMETHING OUT OF EDGAR ALLAN POE
HAS HAPPENED!

ALL:
ZAM KAZAP!
DON'T IT GO TO SHOW YA NEVER KNOW?

ONE DAY YOU'RE
SLINGIN' HASH
FEELIN' SO REJECTED—
LIGHTNING FLASH!
YOU GET RESURRECTED!
MAKE A SPLASH!
NOW YOU RATE THE BIG BRAVISSIMO!
AND WITH A THUNDERCRASH!
CRASH KERPLUNK!
BAM KERBOOM!
ZANG KAZUNK!
ZAM KAZOOM!
ZOWEE, POWEE
HOLY COW, HE
ORDERED UP A RAINBOW TO GO
WOW! POW! LOOK OUT BELOW!
DON'T IT GO TO SHOW
YA NEVER KNOW?

(*At end of number,* SEYMOUR *exits.* AUDREY *rushes in, just missing him. She is out of breath and her arm is in a chic leopard-print sling*)

CRYSTAL: Well, look who's here.

AUDREY: Hi, Crystal. Hi, Ronnette. Hi, Chiffon. Am I late? Did I miss it?

RONNETTE: Sure are.

CHIFFON: And sure did.

AUDREY: Seymour's first radio broadcast. I wanted to cheer him on. I tried to be on time, but—

CRYSTAL: Don't tell me.

GIRLS: You got tied up.

AUDREY: No, just . . . handcuffed . . . a little.

RONNETTE: Girl, I don't know who this mess is you hangin' out with, but he is hazardous to your health.

AUDREY: That's for sure, but I can't leave him.

CHIFFON: Why not?

AUDREY: He'd get angry. And if he does this to me when he *likes* me, imagine what he'd do if he ever got mad.

CRYSTAL: So dump the chump, get another guy and let him protect you.

CHIFFON: And we got one all picked out.

RONNETTE: A little botanical genius. About this high.

CRYSTAL: And she ain't talkin' about George Washington Carver.

AUDREY: Seymour?

GIRLS: Bingo.

AUDREY: Oh, we're just friends. I could never be Seymour's girl. I've got a past.

CHIFFON: And who amongst us has not?

AUDREY: I don't even deserve a sweet, considerate, suddenly successful guy like Seymour.

RONNETTE: This child suffers from low self-image.

CHIFFON: You have a point.

CRYSTAL: She have a problem.

"Somewhere That's Green"

AUDREY:
I KNOW SEYMOUR'S THE GREATEST
BUT I'M DATING A SEMI-SADIST.
SO I'VE GOT A BLACK EYE
AND MY ARM'S IN A CAST.

STILL, THAT SEYMOUR'S A CUTIE.
WELL, IF NOT, HE'S GOT INNER BEAUTY,
AND I DREAM OF A PLACE WHERE WE COULD BE
TOGETHER, AT LAST—

CRYSTAL: What kind of place is that? An emergency room?

AUDREY: (*As music continues under*) Oh no. It's just a daydream of mine. A little development I dream of. Just off the Interstate. Not fancy like Levittown. Just a little street in a little suburb, far far from urban Skid Row. The sweetest, greenest place—where everybody has the same little lawn out front and the same little flagstone patio out back. All the houses are so neat and pretty . . . 'cause they all look just alike. Oh, I dream about it all the time.

Just me and the toaster and a sweet little guy like Seymour. . . . (*Sings*)

A MATCHBOX OF OUR OWN
A FENCE OF REAL CHAIN LINK
A GRILL OUT ON THE PATIO
DISPOSAL IN THE SINK
A WASHER AND A DRYER AND
AN IRONING MACHINE
IN A TRACT HOUSE THAT WE SHARE
SOMEWHERE THAT'S GREEN.

HE RAKES AND TRIMS THE GRASS
HE LOVES TO MOW AND WEED
I COOK LIKE BETTY CROCKER
AND I LOOK LIKE DONNA REED.
THERE'S PLASTIC ON OUR FURNITURE
TO KEEP IT NEAT AND CLEAN
IN THE PINE-SOL SCENTED AIR,
SOMEWHERE THAT'S GREEN.

BETWEEN OUR FROZEN DINNER
AND OUR BEDTIME, NINE-FIFTEEN
WE SNUGGLE WATCHING LUCY
ON OUR BIG, ENORMOUS
TWELVE-INCH SCREEN.

I'M HIS DECEMBER BRIDE
HE'S FATHER, HE KNOWS BEST
OUR KIDS WATCH HOWDY DOODY
AS THE SUN SETS IN THE WEST . . .
A PICTURE OUT OF *Better Homes and Gardens* MAGAZINE.
FAR FROM SKID ROW
I DREAM WE'LL GO—
SOMEWHERE THAT'S GREEN.

BLACKOUT

ACT I

Scene 3

(*The shop. A week later.* MUSHNIK, SEYMOUR, *and* AUDREY *are involved in a major renovation of the premises: new refrigerated display cabinet, new cash register, and lots of new, living flowers for sale. Down Right, a white drop cloth covers a large hidden object.*)

"Closed for Renovation"

SEYMOUR:
WE'RE CLOSED FOR RENOVATION
FOR SPIFFING UP AND GROOMING
'CAUSE CUSTOMERS ARE FLOCKING
AND BUSINESS HAS BEEN BOOMING
WE NEED REFRIGERATION
IN OUR NEW, IMPROVED DISPLAY—
SO WE'RE CLOSED FOR RENOVATION
TODAY.

MUSHNIK: (*On phone*) Yes, indeed. This is the shop you heard about on Channel Five News. Yes indeed, the Audrey Two is on display exclusively here!

SEYMOUR AND AUDREY:
WE'RE CLOSED FOR DECORATION
'CAUSE FORTUNE HAS BEEN SMILING
SO NOW WE'RE DUE FOR PAINTING
NEW PLUMBING, AND RETILING.

WE'LL MAKE A SHIP-SHAPE SHOWPLACE
OF A LITTLE SHOP AND THEN,
TOMORROW, WE'LL BE OPEN
AGAIN.

MUSHNIK: (*To* SEYMOUR, *who works on the display*) Aren't you finished yet?

SEYMOUR: (*He has Band-Aids on each of his ten fingers*) I'm doing my best, but all these Band-Aids make it kinda hard.

AUDREY: You've been getting hurt so much lately.

SEYMOUR: Er . . . I know . . . seems like every time I pick up a pruning shears, I slip.

ALL:
WE'RE CLOSED FOR RENOVATION
FOR SWABBING DOWN AND BROOMING
'CAUSE BUSINESS HAS BEEN THRIVING
SINCE AUDREY TWO'S BEEN BLOOMING
THE PHONES HAVE NOT STOPPED RINGING
WITH THE CUSTOMERS, WHO SAY:

SEYMOUR:
ANOTHER BUNCH OF PEONIES

AUDREY:
ANOTHER DOZEN DAISIES, PLEASE

SEYMOUR:
GERANIUMS, ANEMONES

AUDREY:
FORGET-ME-NOTS AND FLEURS-DE-LIS

MUSHNIK:
WITH GRATIS HOME DELIVERIES

ALL:
ON PAID-IN-FULLS AND C.O.D.'S
WE'RE CLOSED FOR RENOVATION—
TODAY!

(*At end of number, the drop cloth is whisked away to reveal* AUDREY TWO—*now five feet tall and sporting huge, dangerously spiked leaves*)

MUSHNIK: (*As number ends*) Seymour, did you send out an order for Mrs. Shiva?

SEYMOUR: Er, I forgot.

MUSHNIK: (*Exploding*) How could you forget an order like that? The Shivas are a very important funereal account! A big, enormous family and they're dropping off like flies! I'm telling you, Krelbourn, if we lose their business over this, you're finished! (*Exits out of shop, Stage Left*)

AUDREY: You know, sometimes I think Mr. Mushnik's too hard on you.

SEYMOUR: I don't mind. After all, I owe him everything. He took me out of the Skid Row Home for Boys when I was just a little tyke. Gave me a warm place to sleep, under the counter. Nice things to eat like meatloaf and water. Floors to sweep and toilets to clean and every other Sunday off. . . .

AUDREY: You know, I think you oughta raise your expectations, Seymour. Now that we're getting successful, I mean. Why don't you start with some new clothes? No offense, but what with all the interviews and photo sessions, a big, important experimental botanist has to look the part.

SEYMOUR: I'm a very bad shopper, Audrey. I don't have style and class, like you.

AUDREY: Well, I could help you pick things out.

SEYMOUR: You could?

AUDREY: Sure.

SEYMOUR: You'd go shopping with me?

AUDREY: Sure.

SEYMOUR: You'd be seen with me in a public place? Like a department store?

AUDREY: Sure.

SEYMOUR: Tonight?

AUDREY: Well, I can't tonight. I've got a date. But I'd like to go with you another time.

SEYMOUR: Sure, I'll pencil you in.

AUDREY: I'll bet you have alotta dates now, huh?

SEYMOUR: Not dates exactly. But alotta garden clubs have been calling, asking me to give lectures.

AUDREY: Gee.

SEYMOUR: Imagine me, giving lectures. I never even finished grade school.

AUDREY: That doesn't matter. You have life experience.

SEYMOUR: Some experience. I don't even know what it's like to fly in an airplane.

AUDREY: Me neither.

SEYMOUR: Or eat a fancy dinner at Howard Johnson's.

AUDREY: Me neither.

SEYMOUR: Or ride a motorcycle.

AUDREY: Oh, it's no big deal. And besides, it's dangerous.

SEYMOUR: It is?

AUDREY: Extremely dangerous.
(*Beat*)
Gee, I'd better go fix my face. My date'll be here any minute.

(*She exits.* SEYMOUR *looks after her longingly. Lights fade in shop and come up Downstage, on the street.* ORIN SCRIVELLO *enters, wearing a black leather jacket. He encounters* CRYSTAL, RONNETTE, *and* CHIFFON, *who sit—as always—on the stoop*)

ORIN: Excuse me, ladies. Which way to thirteen-thirteen Skid Row?

CRYSTAL: That information will cost you a dollar.

ORIN: No problem, here you go.

CHIFFON: It's right over there. But if you're like the thousands of others flocking down to see the Audrey Two, you better come back tomorrow. Shop's closed today.

ORIN: Oh, I'm not here to buy posies, girls. I'm here to pick up my date.

CHIFFON: You ain't by any chance talkin' about a girl with a black eye?

CRYSTAL: And several other medical problems?

ORIN: As a matter of fact . . .

(*The* GIRLS *descend upon him full force, shouting and almost knocking him down*)

GIRLS: That's him! That's the one! Who do you think you are, treating her that way? Get outa here and don't come back! Beat it! Get lost! (*Etc.*)

RONNETTE: (*Stopping him cold with one outstretched arm*) Yo!

ORIN: (*Pulling out of the melee, he removes a portable nitrous oxide inhaler from his pocket and inhales deeply*) Ladies! Ladies! Please! I'm friendly! Truce! Pacem! You want some nitrous oxide?

CRYSTAL: Why don't you get lost, Vitalis-brains? Last thing Audrey needs is more of your kind.

ORIN: My kind is a very nice kind, ladies. I'm not a monster.

RONNETTE: What else would you call it?

ORIN: I would call it . . . (*Inhales*) I would call it an occupational hazard.

CHIFFON: Say what?

ORIN: You see, girls, my line of work *requires* a certain fascination with human pain and suffering. (*Inhales again*) This stuff is great. Allow me to explain.

(*Music in.* GIRLS *clap out the rhythm.* ORIN *sings*)

"Dentist!"

WHEN I WAS YOUNGER,
JUST A BAD LITTLE KID,
MY MAMA NOTICED FUNNY THINGS I DID—
LIKE SHOOTIN' PUPPIES WITH A BB GUN.

I'D POISON GUPPIES, AND WHEN I WAS DONE,
I'D FIND A PUSSYCAT AND BASH IN ITS HEAD.
THAT'S WHEN MY MAMA SAID—

GIRLS:
WHAT DID SHE SAY?

ORIN:
SHE SAID, MY BOY I THINK SOMEDAY
YOU'LL FIND A WAY
TO MAKE YOUR NAT-U-RAL TENDENCIES PAY!

YOU'LL BE A DENTIST!
YOU HAVE A TALENT FOR CAUSING THINGS PAIN
SON, BE A DENTIST
PEOPLE WILL PAY YOU TO BE INHUMANE
YOUR TEMPERAMENT'S WRONG FOR THE PRIESTHOOD
AND TEACHING WOULD SUIT YOU STILL LESS!
SON, BE A DENTIST!
YOU'LL BE A SUCCESS!

RONNETTE:
HERE HE IS, GIRLS, THE LEADER OF THE PLAQUE.

CHIFFON:
WATCH HIM SUCK UP THAT GAS! OH MY GOD!

CRYSTAL:
HE'S A DENTIST AND HE'LL NEVER BE ANY GOOD.

GIRLS:
WHO WANTS THEIR TEETH DONE BY THE MARQUIS DE SADE?
OH, THAT HURTS!
I'M NOT NUMB!

ORIN AND GIRLS:
AW SHUT UP, OPEN WIDE, HERE I COME!
I AM YOUR DENTIST (GOODNESS GRACIOUS)
AND I ENJOY THE CAREER THAT I PICKED (YOU LOVE IT)
I AM YOUR DENTIST (FITTING BRACES)

AND I GET OFF ON THE PAIN I INFLICT (YOU REALLY LOVE IT)
WHEN I START EXTRACTING YOUR MOLARS (DON'T TRY IT)
YOU GIRLS WILL BE SCREAMING LIKE HOLY ROLLERS (DENTIST!)
AND THOUGH IT MAY CAUSE MY PATIENTS DISTRESS
SOMEWHERE IN HEAVEN ABOVE ME,
I KNOW THAT MY MAMA'S PROUD OF ME
NOW I'M A DENTIST
AND A SUCCESS

SAY AH!

NOW, SPIT!

(*At end of number,* ORIN *enters the shop*)

ORIN: (*Poking his head in the door*) Hey, how ya doin'?

SEYMOUR: Fine, thank you. But the shop's closed.

ORIN: I'm not here to shop, I'm here to— (*Sees* THE PLANT) Hey. This must be that plant they're talkin' about on the news. Whatdya call it?

SEYMOUR: An Audrey Two.

ORIN: Cute name. Catchy. Nice plant. Big.

SEYMOUR: Thank you, I raised it myself. Now, if you don't mind I'm really not supposed to let anyone . . .

ORIN: I hear it's some kind of new species or something.

SEYMOUR: That's what they tell me. But you'll have to leave now, we—

AUDREY: (*Enters from back room*) It's okay, Seymour. This is my boyfriend. Orin Scrivello, D.D.S.

ORIN: (*Pulling* SEYMOUR *to him by the collar*) I'll tell you something, guy. You say you raised this thing, right?

SEYMOUR: Right.

ORIN: Well, if I were you I sure as hell wouldn't keep it under a barrel down in a Skid Row dump like this. This avocado here could be your ticket to the stars. You could take it to any florist shop in town and name your price. Hell, somebody would make you a goddam *partner* to get their hands on this.

SEYMOUR: I don't care. I'm happy here.

AUDREY: Seymour's very loyal.

ORIN: Somebody talking to you?

AUDREY: Oh . . . no . . . excuse me.

ORIN: Excuse me what?

AUDREY: Excuse me, *Doctor.*

ORIN: That's better. (*To* SEYMOUR) I'm telling you, kid, this thing's a big green gold mine. Get your ass outa this dump and take the plant with you.

MUSHNIK: (*Enters Left and stands outside the shop, eavesdropping*) *What?!*

ORIN: Mushnik's Skid Row Florists? Feh, it's like a joke. You hear me talkin'?

SEYMOUR: I hear you.

MUSHNIK: He hears him.

AUDREY: Shouldn't we be leaving now?

ORIN: You're a real little chatterbox tonight, aren't you, lady?

AUDREY: I'm sorry.

ORIN: You're sorry, *what?*

AUDREY: I'm sorry, *Doctor.*

ORIN: You gotta train 'em, eh stud? Well, my bike's outside and double-parked. But you think about what I said, scout—I mean it. You think about it.

SEYMOUR: (*Just trying to get rid of him*) Sure. Sure, I'll think about it.

ORIN: You do that. Okay, Audrey. You got the handcuffs?

AUDREY: They're right in my bag.

ORIN: Then let's go.

"*Mushnik and Son*"

MUSHNIK: (*Sings, aside*)

HE'LL THINK ABOUT IT?
HE'LL THINK ABOUT IT?

SEYMOUR: (*Over his shoulder as he starts to spray* THE PLANT) I don't like that guy, Mr. Mushnik. And you should hear the way he talks to Audrey.

MUSHNIK: (*Still aside*)

GOTT IN HIMMEL, NO
THE KID JUST SAID HE'D MULL IT OVER!

SEYMOUR: No wonder she looks so unhealthy. It's enough to make you sick.

MUSHNIK:
IF HE LEFT ME
IF SEYMOUR LEFT ME

WHY THEN I'D BE
RIGHT BACK WHERE I STARTED
WHICH WAS
BROKE AND STARVING

SEYMOUR: Sweet and good and beautiful as she is, she deserves a prince, not a sadistic creep like him!

MUSHNIK:
CLOSE TO BANKRUPT

SEYMOUR: What a louse.

MUSHNIK:
BESET, BEFUDDLED, AND BEREFT
THAT'S WHAT I'D BE IF SEYMOUR LEFT!

SEYMOUR: He's a disgrace to the dental profession.

MUSHNIK: Seymour—

SEYMOUR: Sir?

MUSHNIK: (*With great affection*) Seymour— (*Sings*)
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE . . .
TO BE
MY
SON?
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE MY OWN ADOPTED BOY?
(I NEVER LIKED HIM MUCH, BEFORE
BUT COUNT THE CASH THAT'S IN THE DRAWER—
I'VE GOT NO CHOICE!
I'M MUCH TOO POOR.)
SAY YES!

SEYMOUR:
WHAT FOR?

MUSHNIK:
SEYMOUR, I WANT TO

BE
YOUR
DAD!
I'LL TREAT YOU LIKE YOU WERE MY BLOOD
AND MY OWN FLESH

SEYMOUR:
LIKE OZZIE NELSON, DAVE AND RICK?

MUSHNIK:
LIKE HONEY-FITZ AND TAKE YOUR PICK!

SEYMOUR:
THEN KISS ME QUICK
I'LL BE YOUR SON

MUSHNIK:
DON'T MAKE ME SICK
JUST BE MY SON

BOTH:
MUSHNIK AND SON
SOUNDS GREAT
THREE WORDS WITH THE RING OF FATE

MUSHNIK:
SO SAY YOU'LL INCORPORATE WITH ME
A FLORIST'S DREAM COME TRUE
MUSHNIK AND HIS BOYCHIK, YOU
WHAT BUSINESS WE'LL DO FOR F.T.D.

BOTH:
LIKE ANDY HARDY AND THE JUDGE
LIKE ZEUS AND MERCURY
LIKE DUMAS FILS AND PÈRE,
IN TROUBLE, SICKNESS AND IN HEALTH—

MUSHNIK:
WE'LL SHARE THE PLANT AND SHARE THE WEALTH
I'LL CALL MY LAWYER

SEYMOUR:
CALL ME SON.

BOTH:
MUSHNIK AND SON
THAT'S THAT

SEYMOUR:
OFFICIALLY, I'M YOUR BRAT!

BOTH:
CONSIDER THE MATTER CLOSED AND DONE.
NOW, TO THE WORLD, LET'S STICK
OUR SENIOR AND JUNIOR SHTICK.
THROUGH THIN AND THROUGH THICK
THROUGH SLOPPY AND SLICK,
THROUGH KISS AND THROUGH KICK,
MUSHNIK
AND SON!

(*At the end of the number, as music plays out,* MUSHNIK *puts on his coat, hugs* SEYMOUR *with fatherly affection and leaves. When he is gone, music changes.* SEYMOUR *looks off in* MUSHNIK'S *direction for a moment, then turns back and says to himself*)

SEYMOUR: His son. I'm his son. (*Sings*)

SUDDEN CHANGES SURROUND ME
LADY LUCK CAME AND FOUND ME
THANKS A MILLION FOR MAKING THE MAGIC YOU DO.
THANKS TO YOU, SWEET PETUNIA
MUSHNIK'S TAKIN' A JUNIAH,
AND SOMEDAY WHEN I OWN THIS WHOLE SHOP, I'LL
REMEMBER
I OWE IT
TO YOU.

SEYMOUR: Who cares if I've been a little on the anemic side these past few weeks? So what if I've had a few dizzy spells, some lightheadedness. It's been worth it, old pal.

Twoey, I'm a little hungry. I'm gonna run down to Schmendrik's and get something to eat. I'll see you in the . . .

(THE PLANT *wilts again*)

SEYMOUR: Oh boy, here we go again. Twoey, I haven't got much left. Look, just let me heal a few more days, okay? Then we'll start on the left hand again and—

(*Suddenly* THE PLANT *opens its "snout"—its flytrap-like orifice—and speaks.* SEYMOUR *is stunned*)

PLANT: FEED ME!

SEYMOUR: I beg your pardon?

PLANT: FEED ME!

SEYMOUR: Twoey, you talked. You opened up your . . . trap, your thing, and you said—

PLANT: Feed me, Krelbourn! Feed me now!

SEYMOUR: (*Looking at hand*) I can't!

PLANT: I'm starving!

SEYMOUR: Oh boy. Look, maybe I can squeeze a little out of this one, but—

PLANT: I need some food!

SEYMOUR: I know, I know, but you can't get blood from a—

PLANT: More! More!

SEYMOUR: But there isn't more. What do you want me to do? Cut my wrists? (THE PLANT *expresses interest.*) Hey how 'bout I run down the corner and pick you up some nice chopped sirloin?

PLANT: Must be blood!

SEYMOUR: Twoey, that's disgusting.

PLANT: Must be fresh!

SEYMOUR: I don't want to hear this.

"Git It"

PLANT: (*Sings*)
FEED ME!

SEYMOUR: Does it have to be human?

PLANT:
FEED ME!

SEYMOUR: Where am I supposed to get it?

PLANT:
FEED ME, SEYMOUR
FEED ME ALL NIGHT LONG.
That's right, boy, you can do it.
FEED ME SEYMOUR
FEED ME ALL NIGHT LONG!
Henh, henh, henh.
'CAUSE IF YOU FEED ME, SEYMOUR,
I CAN GROW UP BIG AND STRONG.

SEYMOUR: You eat blood, Audrey Two. Let's face it. How'm I supposed to keep on feeding you? Kill people?

PLANT: I'll make it worth your while.

SEYMOUR: *What?*

PLANT: You think this is all coincidence, baby? The sudden success around here? Your adoption papers?

MUSHNIK: You're not going anywhere, Krelbourn.
You're staying right here and taking care
of this sick plant. How come it's fainting
all the time?
SEYMOUR: I told you, it's been giving me trouble.
It just *wilts* like this. The Audrey Two is
not a healthy girl.
MUSHNIK: Strictly between us, neither is
the Audrey One.

SEYMOUR: (Sings) SUDDENLY SEYMOUR
IS STANDING BESIDE YOU
DON'T NEED NO MAKEUP
DON'T HAVE TO PRETEND
SUDDENLY SEYMOUR
IS HERE TO PROVIDE YOU
SWEET UNDERSTANDING
SEYMOUR'S YOUR FRIEND.

GIRLS: THEY SAY THE MEEK SHALL INHERIT
YOU KNOW THE BOOK DOESN'T LIE
IT'S NOT A QUESTION OF MERIT
IT'S NOT DEMAND AND SUPPLY
THEY SAY THE MEEK GONNA GET IT
AND YOU'RE A MEEK LITTLE GUY
YOU KNOW THE MEEK ARE GONNA GET WHAT'S COMIN' TO 'EM
BY AND BY.

DEAD FACES: THEY MAY OFFER YOU FORTUNE AND FAME
LOVE AND MONEY AND INSTANT ACCLAIM
BUT WHATEVER THEY OFFER YOU,
DON'T FEED THE PLANTS!

PHOTOS BY PETER CUNNINGHAM

SEYMOUR: Look, you're a plant. An inanimate object.

PLANT: Does this look inanimate to you, punk? If I can talk and I can move, who's to say I can't do anything I want?

SEYMOUR: Like what?

PLANT: Like deliver, pal. Like see you get everything your secret, greasy heart desires.

WOULD YOU LIKE A CADILLAC CAR?
OR A GUEST SHOT ON JACK PAAR?
HOW ABOUT A DATE WITH HEDY LAMARR?
YOU GONNA GIT IT!

SEYMOUR: No thanks, Twoey. Kind of you to offer, but—

PLANT:
HOW'D YOU LIKE TO BE A BIG WHEEL
DININ' OUT FOR EV-ER-Y MEAL
I'M THE PLANT CAN MAKE IT ALL REAL
YOU GONNA GIT IT!

I'M YOUR GENIE, I'M YOUR FRIEND
I'M YOUR WILLING SLAVE.
TAKE A CHANCE, JUST FEED ME AND
Y'KNOW THE KINDA EATS, THE KINDA RED HOT TREATS
THE KINDA STICKY, LICKY SWEETS I CRAVE!

COME ON, SEYMOUR, DON'T BE A PUTZ
TRUST ME AND YOUR LIFE'LL SHORTLY RIVAL KING TUT'S
SHOW A LITTLE 'NITIATIVE, WORK UP THE GUTS
AND YOU'LL GIT IT!

SEYMOUR: (*With* GIRLS *singing soulful backup from outside*)

I DON'T KNOW
I DON'T KNOW
I HAVE SO
MANY STRONG

RESERVATIONS
SHOULD I GO
AND PERFORM
MUTILATIONS?

PLANT: You didn't have nothin' till you met me. C'mon, what'll it be, kid? Money? Girls? One particular girl? How 'bout that Audrey? Think it over! There must be somebody you could eighty-six real quiet and git me a little lunch!

HOW'D YOU LIKE A ROOM AT THE RITZ
WRAPPED IN VELVET, COVERED IN GLITZ
(A LITTLE NOOKY'D HELP TO CLEAN UP THOSE ZITS)
AND YOU'LL GIT IT!

SEYMOUR:
GEE, I'D LIKE A HARLEY MACHINE
TOOLIN' AROUND LIKE I WAS JAMES DEAN
MAKIN' ALL THE GUYS ON THE CORNER TURN GREEN

PLANT:
SO GO GIT IT!

AND IF YOU WANNA BE PROFOUND
AND YOU REALLY GOTTA JUSTIFY
TAKE A BREATH AND LOOK AROUND
ALOTTA FOLK DESERVE TO DIE!

SEYMOUR: Wait a minute. That's not a very nice thing to say.

PLANT: But it's true, isn't it?

SEYMOUR: No. I don't know anybody who *deserves* to get chopped up and fed to a hungry plant.

PLANT: *Sure* you do.

(*And at this very opportune moment,* ORIN *and* AUDREY *appear on the sidewalk outside.* SEYMOUR *sees and overhears them*)

ORIN: Stupid woman! Christ, what a friggin' scatterbrain!

AUDREY: I'm sorry, Doctor! I'm sorry, Doctor!

ORIN: Now get the hell in there and pick up the goddam sweater, you dizzy cow!

AUDREY: (*Enters shop.* ORIN *stays in doorway*) Yes, Doctor! Right away, Doctor! Hi, Seymour. I left my sweater here before.

ORIN: C'mon, move it, ya little slut. How do ya like that stupid dame? Forgets her friggin' sweater. Christ, if your stupid head weren't screwed on! (*Slaps* AUDREY *as she returns with sweater*)

AUDREY: Orin! That hurt!

ORIN: Move it!

(*They exit.* SEYMOUR *and* THE PLANT *exchange a long, dark look of mutual understanding*)

PLANT: Mmm Hmm. . . .

SEYMOUR AND PLANT:
IF YOU WANT A RATIONALE
IT ISN'T VERY HARD TO SEE—
STOP AND THINK IT OVER, PAL
THE GUY SURE LOOKS LIKE PLANT FOOD TO ME!
THE GUY SURE LOOKS LIKE PLANT FOOD TO ME!
THE GUY SURE LOOKS LIKE PLANT FOOD TO ME!

SEYMOUR:
HE'S SO NASTY, TREATIN' HER ROUGH

PLANT:
SMACKIN' HER AROUND AND ALWAYS TALKIN' SO TOUGH

SEYMOUR:
YOU NEED BLOOD AND HE'S GOT MORE THAN ENOUGH

PLANT:
I NEED BLOOD AND HE'S GOT MORE THAN ENOUGH.

BOTH:
(I) (YOU) NEED BLOOD AND HE'S GOT MORE THAN ENOUGH!

PLANT:
SO GO GIT IT!

BLACKOUT

ACT I

Scene 4

(Forestage. Screen closed. A crypt-like trapdoor opens in the stage floor. And from it an antique dentist's chair emerges, surrounded by a virtual torture chamber of old-fashioned dental equipment. We are now in the office of ORIN SCRIVELLO, D.D.S. SEYMOUR *stands Stage Left, holding a gun.)*

ORIN: *(Emerging from behind the chair) NEXT?*

SEYMOUR: *(He levels the gun at* ORIN, *who ignores it and smiles)* I guess that's me, Dr. Scrivello.

ORIN: Do you have an appointment?

SEYMOUR: We met yesterday. Seymour Krelbourn.

ORIN: Oh, of course. The guy with the plant.

SEYMOUR: *(Gun still leveled)* Right.

ORIN: And the Band-Aids.

SEYMOUR: Right.

ORIN: And the gun.

SEYMOUR: R-right.

ORIN: So why are you pointing a gun at me, Seymour?

SEYMOUR: I--I--

ORIN: (*Taking charge. Sweetly*) Hey. Are you a little bit nervous about seeing a dentist?

SEYMOUR: No . . . no, I'm not nervous, I—

ORIN: (*Easily taking the gun away from him and grabbing him around the shoulder at the same time*) It's only gonna hurt a little.

SEYMOUR: No, you don't understand. I don't want my teeth examined, I—

ORIN: Of course you want your teeth examined. (*Twisting* SEYMOUR'S *arm painfully behind his back*) Say ah!

SEYMOUR: No!

ORIN: (*Twisting harder*) *SAY AH!*

SEYMOUR: (*In pain*) *AAAAHHH!*

ORIN: (*Looking in, still holding him*) Your mouth is a mess, kid. You've got cavities. You've got plaque. You're impacted. You're abscessed!

SEYMOUR: I am?

ORIN: You need a complete oral examination. We'll start with that wisdom tooth.

SEYMOUR: *NO!*

(ORIN *forcibly wrestles* SEYMOUR *into the chair, depositing the gun on the table.* SEYMOUR *struggles, but* ORIN *wins*)

ORIN: We'll just rip the little bugger outa there. Whatdya say?

SEYMOUR: I gotta go!

ORIN: There's always time for dental hygiene, Seymour! Have you ever seen the results of a neglected mouth? (*From behind the chair he pulls out a large picture of a nauseatingly neglected mouth: diseased gums, rotten teeth*) Look, Seymour! This could happen to you!

SEYMOUR: It could?

ORIN: Unless I take immediate action! Let's get started! (*Drops the picture and picks up the drill. It makes a threatening buzz*)

SEYMOUR: Wait! Aren't you gonna give me Novocain?

ORIN: What for? Dulls the senses!

SEYMOUR: But it'll hurt!

ORIN: Only till you pass out!

SEYMOUR: What *is* that?

ORIN: That's the *drill*, Seymour!

SEYMOUR: It's rusty!

ORIN: It's an antique. They don't make instruments like this anymore. Sturdy, heavy, *dull!*
(*Beat*)
This is gonna be a challenge. This is gonna be a pleasure. I'm gonna want some gas for this one!

SEYMOUR: Gas?

ORIN: Nitrous oxide.

SEYMOUR: Thank God. I thought you weren't going to use any—

ORIN: (*Sweetly*) Oh, the gas isn't for you, Seymour. It's for me. I want to really enjoy this and I find that a little gig-

gle gas before we begin increases my pleasure enormously. In fact, I'm gonna use my special gas mask. Just relax, Seymour, and I'll be with you in a moment.

(ORIN *disappears behind the chair.* SEYMOUR *is alone. He takes the gun and sings*)

"Now (It's Just the Gas)"

NOW
DO IT NOW!
WHILE HE'S GASSING HIMSELF
TO A PALPABLE STUPOR,
THE TIMING'S IDEAL AND THE MOMENT IS SUPER
TO READY AND FIRE AND BLOW THE SICK BASTARD
AWAY!

ORIN: (*Laughing Offstage*) HAhahahahahahahaheheheheheheehhyahyahayhayyahay!

SEYMOUR:
NOW
DO IT NOW!
JUST A FLICKER OF PRESSURE
RIGHT HERE ON THE TRIGGER
AND AUDREY WON'T HAVE TO PUT UP WITH THIS PIG
FOR ANOTHER DAY
NOW . . . FOR THE GIRL!
NOW . . . FOR THE PLANT!
NOW . . . YES, I WILL!

BUT I CAN'T.

ORIN: (*Higher than a kite, he appears from behind the screen with a huge clear plastic bubble over his head. A long tube trails from the back of this "mask"*) Ohhhboy, Seymour, I am flyin' now! Oh, the things we're gonna do to your mouth! Henhenhenhenhenehenehenehenehenehenyeah! Well, I guess I've had about enough of this stuff. I'll just take the mask off now and . . .
(*He tries to pull it off. It won't come*)

Hey—
(*Tries again*)
Seymour—
(*And again*)
Guess what?

SEYMOUR: What?

ORIN: It's stuck!

SEYMOUR: What?

ORIN: The mask—it's stuck! I can't get it off! Jesus Christ, I could asphyxiate in here! Seymour—gimme a hand, will ya?

SEYMOUR: Well . . .

ORIN: (*Stunned*) Well? He says well? Seymour . . . uh . . . I don't think you understand. . . .

DON'T BE FOOLED IF I SHOULD GIGGLE
LIKE A SAPPY, HAPPY DOPE.
IT'S JUST THE GAS—
IT'S GOT ME HIGH—
BUT DON'T LET THAT FACT DECEIVE YOU.
ANY MOMENT I COULD DIE!
THOUGH I GIGGLE AND I CHORTLE
BEAR IN MIND I'M NOT IMMORTAL.
WHY THIS WHOLE THING STRIKES ME FUNNY,
I DON'T KNOW.
(HAHAHAHAHEHEHEHEEE)
'CAUSE IT REALLY IS A ROTTEN WAY TO GO.

SEYMOUR:
WHAT WE HAVE HERE IS AN ETHICAL DILEMMA.
'LESS I HELP HIM GET THE MASK REMOVED,
HE DOESN'T HAVE A PRAYER
TRUE THE GUN WAS NEVER FIRED,
BUT THE WAY EVENTS TRANSPIRED,

I CAN FINISH HIM WITH SIMPLE
LAISSEZ-FAIRE.

SEYMOUR:
WHAT WE HAVE HERE IS A
TRICKY MORAL PROBLEM.
DO I HELP REMOVE THE
MASK OR LET HIM GO
FOR LACK OF AIR?
COULDN'T SHOOT HIM WHEN
I TRIED,
BUT THE FATES ARE ON MY
SIDE.
I CAN OFF THE GUY BY . . . .
STAYING IN THE CHAIR!

ORIN:
NOW!
DO IT NOW!
HELP ME NOW!
NOW!

ORIN: Hahahahahahahahahahahahaeeeeeeeyyyyyyyyennnnnh!

DON'T BE FOOLED IF I SHOULD CHUCKLE
LIKE HYENAS IN A ZOO, IT'S JUST THE GAS—
IT TURNS ME ON.
BUT DON'T LET MY MIRTH DECEIVE YOU,
ANY MOMENT I'LL BE GONE!
ALL MY VITAL SIGNS ARE FAILING,
'CAUSE THE OXIDE I'M INHALING,
MAKES IT DIFFICULT AS HELL TO CATCH MY BREATH!
(*He gasps*)
ARE YOU DUMB? OR HARD OF HEARING?
OR RELIEVED . . . MY END IS NEARING?
ARE YOU SATISFIED?
I LAUGHED MYSELF TO . . .
(*He giggles*)

SEYMOUR: Death?

(ORIN *drops to the floor*)

BLACKOUT

ACT I

CODA

(*Forestage. Screen closed. We find* CRYSTAL *in a pool of light, Stage Right.*)

CRYSTAL:
SHING-A-LING
WHAT A CREEPY THING TO BE HAPPENIN'

RONNETTE AND CHIFFON: (*Appearing in a pool of light Stage Left*)

SHANG-A-LANG
FEEL THE STURM AND DRANG IN THE AIR—

(*The screen opens. Lights come up in the shop to reveal* SEYMOUR *standing over* THE PLANT, *its mouth open.* SEYMOUR *gingerly lifts a severed hand from a blood-stained bucket and drops it in.* THE PLANT *snarfs it down.* SEYMOUR *repeats the procedure with a piece of leg and foot. Guilty and sickened by his deeds,* SEYMOUR *picks up a white bundle from the floor:* ORIN'S *uniform. He runs out of the shop, stuffs it into a garbage can Downstage Right, and dashes off, hysterical*)

GIRLS:
NO!
NO!

NO!
NO!

BLACKOUT

END OF ACT I

ACT TWO

ACT II

Scene 1

(*The shop.* AUDREY TWO *is now absolutely enormous, dominating fully a third of the playing area with its leaves, vines, and enormous trap. The sign in the window now reads:* MUSHNIK AND SON. *Four red telephones have appeared on the counters and they ring constantly. At rise,* AUDREY *is on a Stage Right phone and* MUSHNIK *is on one Stage Left.* RONNETTE *and a* CUSTOMER *are on the street. Everyone is talking at once. A cacophony of sound.*)

AUDREY: (*On phones*)
Five thousand dollars' worth of African violets, two thousand dollars' worth of baby-blue-eyes. The pink, the green, the yellow, the purple.
(*Ring*)
Yes ma'am. Nice delphiniums, geraniums,

RONNETTE: Step right up and see the Amazing Audrey Two. The strangest, the most interesting—

CUSTOMER: I've seen it.

RONNETTE: Not unless you've seen it recently, you ain't. She's got amazing,

MUSHNIK:
Mushnik and Son, please hold, Audrey will be right with you. Urchins! Look, here's ten apiece. Deliver these to the Dutch Pavilion and these to the Japanese Consulate. Audrey, I'm late for the lawyers. Tell Seymour to

AUDREY: nasturtiums, forsythia, japonica, wisteria, you name it, we sell it!
(*Ring*)
Mushnik and Son, Skid Row's Favorite Florists. Oh, yes sir. Funerals are our specialty! Camelias, magnolias, hepaticas, and gorgeous gladiolas!
(*Ring*)
Mushnik and Son, Skid Row's Favorite Florists.
(*Ring*)
Can you hold, please?
(*Ring*)
Mushnik and Son, can you hold?
(*Ring*)

RONNETTE: multicolored warts.

CUSTOMER: Warts?

RONNETTE: And she's over six feet tall!

CUSTOMER: Let's go.

RONNETTE: (*Leading him to shop*)
You won't believe it. Simply won't believe it. There it is.

CUSTOMER: Remarkable!

RONNETTE: You said it. Want some flowers?

CUSTOMER: You bet. I'll take three of those and five of those and six of those and ten of those.

MUSHNIK: see that Corman gets his wolfbane!

(*He exits and passes* SEYMOUR)

SEYMOUR: I got those bridal wreaths to Elizabeth Taylor's suite, Mr. Mushnik. She's real pretty.

(*He enters the shop and takes over for* RONNETTE *who has been hustling the* CUSTOMER. *She exits*)

SEYMOUR: Yessir, here you go. Goodbye now! Thank you! Come again!

AUDREY: Seymour, can you help me with these phones?
(*Ring*)
Skid Row's Favorite Florists, can you hold?

SEYMOUR: Mushnik and Son, Skid Row's Favorite Florists, can you hold, please?

AUDREY: Now, you were saying?

"Call Back in the Morning"

FLOWERS FOR A PROM CORSAGE?

SEYMOUR: (*On phone, singing*)

FLOWERS FOR AN ENTOURAGE?

AUDREY:
FLOWERS TO THE FUN'RAL HOME?

SEYMOUR:
LEAVING FROM ST. ANDREW'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH AT NINTH AND VINE?

AUDREY:
FORTY DOLLARS. HOLD THE LINE.

SEYMOUR:
FIRST THING IN THE MORNING.

AUDREY:
FINE.

SEYMOUR:
THEY'LL BE THERE IN THE MORNING.

AUDREY:
CAN YOU HOLD?
(*Hand over phone, to* SEYMOUR)
THE ROSE BOWL!!
SEYMOUR—THE ROSE BOWL!
YOU KNOW THAT BIG, INFLATED ESTIMATE WE WROTE?
FOR THE ROSE BOWL?
WELL, IT'S THE ROSE BOWL!

IT SEEMS THEY WANT TO BUY THE FLOWERS HERE
FOR EVERY SINGLE FLOAT!
(*Spoken*) You can't keep the tournament waiting.

SEYMOUR:
MUSHNIK AND SON
PLEASE HOLD
IT'S JUST AS THE
PLANT FORETOLD
IT'S BUSINESS LIKE
WHO'D EVER HAVE GUESSED
THAT WAS ME!
THAT WAS ME!
ON CHANNEL THREE!

AUDREY:
CAN YOU HOLD?
CAN YOU HOLD?
JUST A MINUTE!
MUSHNIK AND SON
PLEASE WAIT
THE BUSINESS IS DOING
GREAT
SO WHY AM I FEELING
SO DEPRESSED?

SEYMOUR: Mushnik and Son, Skid Row's Favorite Florists!

AUDREY:
SEVEN THOUSAND BOUTONNIERES?
(*Spoken*) Carnations or the yellow roses?

SEYMOUR:
PLEASE, I'VE ONLY GOT TWO EARS!
(*Spoken*) Allergic to chrysanthemums?

AUDREY:
HOLLYHOCKS ARE HARDIER
WHICH ONES WOULD YOUR WIFE PREFER?

SEYMOUR:
WERE YOU WAITING LONG?
I'M SORRY, SIR
(*Spoken*) One minute and I'll get her for you.

AUDREY:
SEYMOUR, THAT REPORTER

SEYMOUR:
HER?
(*Spoken*) I thought we finished yesterday.

AUDREY:
SHE WANTS ANOTHER INTERVIEW
SAID TO BRING THE PLANT WITH YOU

SEYMOUR:
AUDREY, IT'S THAT NEW ACCOUNT

AUDREY:
SORRY, THAT'S THE RIGHT AMOUNT

SEYMOUR:
DAISIES ONLY COME IN WHITE

AUDREY:
SIR, I'M TOO WORN OUT TO FIGHT.

SEYMOUR:
SORRY, THOSE ARE OUT OF STOCK.

AUDREY:
SEYMOUR, LOOK! IT'S SIX O'CLOCK!

BOTH:
CALL BACK IN THE MORNING (WILL YOU)
CALL BACK IN THE MORNING (WON'T YOU)
CALL BACK IN THE MORNING (CAN YOU)
CALL BACK IN THE MORNING (THANK YOU)
CALL BACK IN THE
MORNING!

(*At the end of the number they are both seated at the counters, exhausted*)

AUDREY: What a day, what a day. Seymour, do you mind locking up? I'm all in.

SEYMOUR: Uh, one minute, Audrey. I want to show you something.

AUDREY: Can't it wait till tomorrow?

SEYMOUR: It won't take long. I've been shopping for a new wardrobe like you told me to and . . .
(*He goes to the back room for a second and reappears in a black leather jacket*)
Ta da . . . What do you think?

AUDREY: (*In shock*) Seymour.

SEYMOUR: You don't like it?

AUDREY: (*She is overcome with emotion. She can barely speak*) I . . . I . . . I don't know. I . . .

(*She runs from the shop into the street.* SEYMOUR *follows, taking the jacket off and leaving it in the shop*)

SEYMOUR: I'll take it off. I'll take it back. I'll burn it. Just don't cry. Please.
(*Beat*)
Look what I did. I just bought it to impress you. That's all I ever meant to do.

AUDREY: (*Regaining her composure*) I don't know what's come over me. I guess I've been a little under the weather lately.

SEYMOUR: It's Orin, isn't it? You've been down in the dumps ever since his mysterious disappearance. You miss him, don't you?

AUDREY: Miss him? I never felt so relieved as when they told me he'd vanished. It was like a miracle. Not to mention all the money I've saved on Epsom salts and Ace bandages.

SEYMOUR: Then what's the matter?

AUDREY: I feel guilty, I guess. I mean, if he met with foul play or some terrible accident . . . then it's partly my fault, you see, because secretly—I wished it.

SEYMOUR: Audrey, you shouldn't waste one more minute worrying about that creep. There's alotta guys would give anything to go out with you. Nice guys.

AUDREY: I don't deserve a nice guy, Seymour.

SEYMOUR: That's not true.

AUDREY: You don't know the half of it. I've led a terrible life.

SEYMOUR: Audrey, don't—

AUDREY: I deserve a creep like Orin Scrivello, D.D.S. You know where I met him? In The Gutter.

SEYMOUR: The gutter?

AUDREY: The Gutter. It's a night spot. I worked there on my nights off when we weren't making much money. I'd put on cheap and tasteless outfits. Not nice ones like this. Low and nasty apparel and I'd . . .

(*She's crying softly now.* SEYMOUR *goes to her*)

SEYMOUR: Audrey, that's all behind you now. You don't have anything to be ashamed of. You're a very nice person and I always knew you were. Underneath the bruises and the handcuffs, you know what I saw? A girl I respected. I still do.

"Suddenly Seymour"

SEYMOUR: (*Sings*)

LIFT UP YOUR HEAD
WASH OFF YOUR MASCARA.
HERE, TAKE MY KLEENEX.
WIPE THAT LIPSTICK AWAY.
SHOW ME YOUR FACE,

CLEAN AS THE MORNING.
I KNOW THINGS WERE BAD,
BUT NOW THEY'RE OKAY.

SUDDENLY SEYMOUR
IS STANDING BESIDE YOU
YOU DON'T NEED NO MAKEUP
DON'T HAVE TO PRETEND
SUDDENLY SEYMOUR
IS HERE TO PROVIDE YOU
SWEET UNDERSTANDING
SEYMOUR'S YOUR FRIEND.

AUDREY: (*Lifting her head, looking at him*)

NOBODY EVER
TREATED ME KINDLY
DADDY LEFT EARLY
MAMA WAS POOR
I'D MEET A MAN
AND I'D FOLLOW HIM BLINDLY
HE'D SNAP HIS FINGERS
ME, I'D SAY "SURE."

SUDDENLY SEYMOUR
IS STANDING BESIDE ME
HE DON'T GIVE ME ORDERS
HE DON'T CONDESCEND
SUDDENLY SEYMOUR
IS HERE TO PROVIDE ME
SWEET UNDERSTANDING
SEYMOUR'S MY FRIEND.

SEYMOUR:
TELL ME THIS FEELING
LASTS TILL FOREVER
TELL ME THE BAD TIMES
ARE CLEAN, WASHED AWAY.

AUDREY:
PLEASE UNDERSTAND THAT IT'S
STILL STRANGE AND FRIGHTENIN'

FOR LOSERS LIKE I'VE BEEN
IT'S SO HARD TO SAY . . .

(CRYSTAL, RONNETTE, *and* CHIFFON *appear, singing backup*)

AUDREY:
SUDDENLY SEYMOUR

SEYMOUR AND GIRLS:
SUDDENLY SEYMOUR

AUDREY:
HE PURIFIED ME

SEYMOUR AND GIRLS:
HE PURIFIED YOU

AUDREY:
SUDDENLY SEYMOUR

SEYMOUR AND GIRLS:
SUDDENLY SEYMOUR

AUDREY:
SHOWED ME I CAN—

SEYMOUR AND GIRLS:
YES YOU CAN

SEYMOUR AND GIRLS AND AUDREY:
LEARN HOW TO BE MORE

AUDREY:
THE GIRL THAT'S INSIDE ME

SEYMOUR AND GIRLS:
OOH, OOH, OOH

AUDREY:
WITH SWEET UNDERSTANDING . . .

SEYMOUR:
SWEET UNDERSTANDING . . .

ALL:
SWEET UNDERSTANDING . . .
SEYMOUR'S (MY) (YOUR)
MAN!

(*At the end of the number,* SEYMOUR *and* AUDREY *are locked in a passionate embrace.* MUSHNIK *enters and stands looking at them ominously*)

MUSHNIK: So. It seems the plot is thickening among my employees.

SEYMOUR: Please Mr.—Daddy—

MUSHNIK: Don't you "Mister Daddy" me, Krelbourn. Audrey, I wonder if you'd excuse Seymour and me for a little while. (*Staring straight at* SEYMOUR) Perhaps you'd like to go visit your dentist friend.

SEYMOUR: That's not funny, Dad. You know he disappeared.

MUSHNIK: (*Dripping sarcasm*) Oh, that's right. He *did,* didn't he? Forgive me, boychik.

AUDREY: Seymour, what's he talking about? What's he doing?

SEYMOUR: Why don't you run along like he asked, Audrey? I'll catch up with you later. I'll call for you, if that's all right.

AUDREY: Of course it is. Good night, Seymour. Good night, Mr. Mushnik.

SEYMOUR: Good night.

(*When* AUDREY *is gone,* SEYMOUR *turns around and sees* MUSHNIK *crawling on the floor with a flashlight*)

MUSHNIK: (*Squinting at the linoleum*) Little red dots. All over the floor.

SEYMOUR: You're acting pretty strange, Pop.

MUSHNIK: I had a pretty strange afternoon, *son.* After my lawyer's appointment, I was called to the police station.

SEYMOUR: The police.

MUSHNIK: Yes, it seems they made a routine investigation into the disappearance of this motorcycle dentist. And when they did, it seems they found a Mushnik's Skid Row Florists bag in his office.

SEYMOUR: What's that supposed to mean?

MUSHNIK: Exactly what I asked myself, Seymour. And then I began to think about certain things I've noticed around here lately. Little red dots all over the linoleum.

SEYMOUR: I—I spilled some Hawaiian Punch and it stained.

MUSHNIK: Hard to keep things clean around here, isn't it? *Especially when they only remove our garbage once a month!*

SEYMOUR: What does that have to do with—

(MUSHNIK *leaves by the front door and crosses out to some trash cans on the street*)

SEYMOUR: Where are you going?

MUSHNIK: If you want something removed in a hurry, it's best not to dispose of it on Skid Row!

SEYMOUR: What are you talking about?

(*They are both on the street now.* MUSHNIK *reaches into a garbage can and pulls out* ORIN'S *dentist's uniform*)

MUSHNIK: *THIS!* A dentist's uniform!

(*Music in.* THE PLANT, *inside the shop, starts to sing. Although* MUSHNIK *and* SEYMOUR *don't hear him, his words are the thoughts in* SEYMOUR'S *head.* THE PLANT *sings in an insinuating, sultry Jim Morrison tone*)

"*Suppertime*"

PLANT:
HE'S GOT YOUR NUMBER NOW.

MUSHNIK: I saw it last week and didn't think twice.

PLANT:
HE KNOWS JUST WHAT YOU DONE.

MUSHNIK: And the little red dots seemed innocent enough.

PLANT:
YOU GOT NO PLACE TO HIDE.

MUSHNIK: But now I catch you kissing the dentist's girlfriend?

PLANT:
YOU GOT NOWHERE TO RUN.

MUSHNIK: And it begins to look like a motive!

PLANT:
HE KNOWS YOUR LIFE OF CRIME!

MUSHNIK: Once he's out of the way, you move in, right?

PLANT:
I THINK IT'S SUPPERTIME!

SEYMOUR: I'm innocent! I'm innocent!

MUSHNIK: Then how do you explain this?!

SEYMOUR: A picture of a baseball cap?

MUSHNIK: *Your* baseball cap. The police found it in Scrivello's office, showed it to me, and asked if I could identify it.

SEYMOUR: Did you?

MUSHNIK: No. They don't suspect you at all, Seymour. But they don't know about the dots, the uniform, the girlfriend . . .

SEYMOUR: I didn't do it!

MUSHNIK: Then come with me to the police and tell them that!

PLANT:
HE'S GOT HIS FACTS ALL STRAIGHT

MUSHNIK: Just so my conscience will rest easy.

PLANT:
YOU KNOW HE'S ON YOUR TRAIL

MUSHNIK: If you don't, I'll have to go tell them myself.

PLANT:
HE'S GONNA TURN YOU IN!

MUSHNIK: Now, will you come?

PLANT:
THEY'RE GONNA PUT YOU IN JAIL!

SEYMOUR: O-Okay.

PLANT:
HE'S GOT THE GOODS AND I'M—

MUSHNIK: I'll go lock up; we'll head over.

PLANT:
ALL SET FOR SUPPERTIME!

(MUSHNIK *walks into the shop and exits to the back room. The sunset casts long foreboding shadows.* SEYMOUR, *shaken and terrified, just enters the shop and stands there as* THE PLANT *sings*)

PLANT:
COME ON, COME ON
THINK ABOUT ALL THOSE OFFERS
COME ON, COME ON
YOUR FUTURE WITH AUDREY
COME ON, COME ON
AIN'T NO TIME TO TURN SQUEAMISH
COME ON, COME ON
I SWEAR ON ALL MY SPORES
WHEN HE'S GONE
THE WORLD WILL BE YOURS.

MUSHNIK: Okay, Seymour, let's go.

SEYMOUR: Er . . . don't you want to collect the day's receipts so you can deposit them in the morning?

CRYSTAL, RONNETTE, AND CHIFFON: (*Appearing outside*)
COME ON, COME ON

MUSHNIK: You put them in the safe, didn't you?

SEYMOUR: Er . . . no.

GIRLS:
COME ON, COME ON

MUSHNIK: Why not?

SEYMOUR: I forgot the combination.

GIRLS:
COME ON, COME ON

MUSHNIK: It's thousands of dollars. Where is it?

GIRLS:
SUPPERTIME

SEYMOUR: In the plant.

GIRLS:
SUPPERTIME

MUSHNIK: In the plant?

GIRLS:
SU-HUH-PER-TI-I-IME!

SEYMOUR: I thought it was the safest place. No thief would look in there, right?

MUSHNIK: The money's inside the plant?

(SEYMOUR *nods*)

MUSHNIK: So how am I supposed to get it?

SEYMOUR: Just knock.

(MUSHNIK *knocks, and when he does,* THE PLANT *opens wide. After a moment's hesitation,* MUSHNIK *climbs in to*

look for the money. THE PLANT *immediately begins to close on him.* MUSHNIK *suddenly realizes that the pod is coming down, trapping him inside—but it's too late.* THE PLANT *chomps mightily. Three times. We hear* MUSHNIK'S *muffled screams as lights go quickly to . . .)*

BLACKOUT

ACT II

Scene 2

(*Forestage. Screen closed. As* SEYMOUR *leaves the shop,* CRYSTAL, CHIFFON, *and* RONNETTE *accost him like squealing teen-aged fans.*)

RONNETTE: There he is, girls. I found him! There's Seymour!

CHIFFON: Seymour? Ooooh! Seeeeymour!

CRYSTAL: Can we have your autograph?

CHIFFON: We saw you on Channel Five News.

CRYSTAL: You looked so *handsome.*

CHIFFON: And you gonna be so *rich!*

SEYMOUR: Please girls, not now.

CRYSTAL: Is it true Audrey Two is grand marshal for the Rose Bowl?

CHIFFON: Is it true the shop is decorating the senior prom?

SEYMOUR: It's *all* true. Now please.

RONNETTE: There's another big hotshot lookin' for you, Seymour! From uptown! He's been askin' all over, where can he find you?

CHIFFON: You're famous, Seymour.

BERNSTEIN: (*The hotshot. Same actor who played* ORIN *now plays this fast-talking media maven*) Is that him?

RONNETTE: That's him, Mr. Bernstein.

BERNSTEIN: Thank you, girls. (*He gives them ten dollars apiece*) Seymour Krelbourn! (*Approaches* SEYMOUR) Sweetie, honey, baby, pussycat!

SEYMOUR: Er . . . do I know you?

"*The Meek Shall Inherit*"

BERNSTEIN: Of course not, but are you gonna be happy when you *do!* Seymour, sweetheart, dollface, bubeleh. (*Sings*)

HEY, SEYMOUR KRELBOURN, YOU PRINCE YOU
MY NAME IS BERNSTEIN
I'M WITH NBC
I CAME DOWN HERE TO CONVINCE YOU
TO DO A WEEKLY TV SHOW FOR ME
"SEYMOUR KRELBOURN'S GARDENING TIPS"
FOR HALF AN HOUR ON SUNDAYS AT FOUR
TV'S FIRST HOME GARDENING PROGRAM
YOU'LL MAKE A MINT AND OUR RATINGS WILL SOAR.

(*He extends a contract and pen.* BERNSTEIN *exits.* CRYSTAL, RONNETTE, *and* CHIFFON *approach* SEYMOUR *and sing*)

GIRLS:
THEY SAY THE MEEK SHALL INHERIT
YOU KNOW THE BOOK DOESN'T LIE
IT'S NOT A QUESTION OF MERIT
IT'S NOT DEMAND AND SUPPLY
THEY SAY THE MEEK GONNA GET IT
AND YOU'RE A MEEK LITTLE GUY
YOU KNOW THE MEEK ARE GONNA GET WHAT'S COMIN' TO 'EM
BY AND BY

CHIFFON: Your own TV show, Seymour! Sign it! Sign it! Sign it! Isn't it exciting?

CRYSTAL: (*Calling Offstage*) Here he is, Mrs. Luce! We found him. He's right over here!

SEYMOUR: Look, girls, I don't want to see anybody else today!

MRS. LUCE: (*She enters, played by the same actor who just played* BERNSTEIN, *now dressed as a woman with a fox fur, hat, and veil*) My darling, my precious, my sweet, sweet thing. *So* delighted to make your acquaintance. Mrs. Luce. Cutie, sweetness, Seymour, babydoll . . . (*Sings*)

I'D LIKE A WORD WITH YOU, LOVER
I'M SURE YOU KNOW ME—THE EDITOR'S WIFE
WE WANT YOUR FACE ON THE COVER
OF THE DECEMBER THIRD ISSUE OF *Life.*
YES, THE FRONT OF *Life* MAGAZINE.
NOW, THAT'S AN HONOR WE SO SELDOM GRANT.
WE'LL SEND SOMEONE DOWN, LET'S SAY THURSDAY
FOR SHOTS OF YOU AND YOUR BEAUTIFUL PLANT.

(*She exits after tipping the* GIRLS. CRYSTAL, RONNETTE, *and* CHIFFON *approach* SEYMOUR, *singing away*)

GIRLS:
THEY SAY THE MEEK SHALL INHERIT
YOU KNOW THE BOOK DOESN'T LIE
IT'S NOT A QUESTION OF MERIT
IT'S NOT DEMAND AND SUPPLY
THEY SAY THE MEEK GONNA GET IT
AND YOU'RE A MEEK LITTLE GUY
YOU KNOW THE MEEK ARE GONNA GET WHAT'S COMIN' TO 'EM
BY AND BY!

CRYSTAL: *Life* magazine! Oh my goodness, Seymour! You're gonna make it straight to the top!

CHIFFON: How did you *do* it?

RONNETTE: Here he is, sir! The incredible Seymour Krelbourn! Owner of the fabulous Audrey Two, America's most amazing—and largest—unidentified plant.

(AGENT *enters. The actor who played* BERNSTEIN *and* MRS. LUCE *has now made another lightning-fast costume change. He now plays a slick East Coast agent type. He tips the* GIRLS *and they exit*)

AGENT: So *this* is Seymour Krelbourn. We've been trying to reach you, baby. Have your phones been busy! Did you get our telegram?

SEYMOUR: I don't think so.

AGENT: Well it's a good thing I came down in person. Pleased to meet you, kid. Skip Snip. William Morris Agency. (*Sings*)

FORGET THE CABLE WE SENT YOU
IT'S NICE TO MEET ME, THE PLEASURE IS YOURS
NOW LET MY FIRM REPRESENT YOU
WE WANT TO BOOK YOU ON LECTURING TOURS
COLLEGE CAMPUS, ROTARY CLUB—
THE KINDA BOOKINGS MY OFFICE CAN DO—
SHOW THE PLANT, THEN TALK, ANSWER QUESTIONS.
IT'S EDUCATIONAL, LUCRATIVE TOO.

SEYMOUR: (*Spot narrows on him and he sings to himself, unsigned contracts in hand*)

MY FUTURE'S STARTING
I'VE GOT TO LET IT.
STICK WITH THAT PLANT AND GEE,
MY BANK ACCOUNT WILL THRIVE.
WHAT AM I SAYING?
NO WAY, FORGET IT!
IT'S MUCH TOO DANGEROUS TO KEEP THAT PLANT ALIVE!

I TAKE THESE OFFERS,
THAT MEANS MORE KILLING
WHO KNEW SUCCESS WOULD COME WITH MESSY, NASTY STRINGS?
I SIGN THESE CONTRACTS,
THAT MEANS I'M WILLING
TO KEEP ON DOING BLOODY, AWFUL, EVIL THINGS!

NO! NO! THERE'S ONLY SO FAR YOU CAN BEND!
NO! NO! THIS NIGHTMARE MUST COME TO AN END!
NO! NO!
YOU'VE GOT NO ALTERNATIVE,
SEYMOUR OLD BOY,
THOUGH IT MEANS YOU'LL BE BROKE AGAIN
AND UNEMPLOYED,
IT'S THE ONLY SOLUTION,
IT CAN'T BE AVOIDED
THE VEGETABLE MUST BE DESTROYED!

BUT THEN THERE'S AUDREY,
LOVELY AUDREY.
IF LIFE WERE TAWDRY AND IMPOVERISHED AS BEFORE
SHE MIGHT NOT LIKE ME
SHE MIGHT NOT WANT ME
WITHOUT MY PLANT, SHE MIGHT NOT LOVE ME ANYMORE!

(CRYSTAL, RONNETTE, *and* CHIFFON *enter wearing extreme girl-group wigs and glittering sequinned gowns, presumably purchased with their recent tips. The* AGENT *stands, still extending the contract*)

GIRLS:
THEY SAY THE MEEK SHALL INHERIT

SEYMOUR:
WHERE DO I SIGN?

GIRLS:
YOU KNOW THE BOOK DOESN'T LIE

AGENT:
RIGHT ON THE LINE

GIRLS:
IT'S NOT A QUESTION OF MERIT

AGENT:
THAT'LL DO FINE.

GIRLS:
IT'S NOT DEMAND AND SUPPLY.

AGENT:
THIS COPY'S MINE.

GIRLS:
YOU'LL MAKE A FORTUNE, WE SWEAR IT

AGENT:
COULDN'T GO WRONG.

GIRLS:
IF ON THIS FACT YOU RELY—

SEYMOUR:
BYE-BYE, SO LONG.

GIRLS:
YOU KNOW THE MEEK ARE GONNA GET WHAT'S COMIN' TO 'EM
YOU KNOW THE MEEK ARE GONNA GET WHAT'S COMIN' TO 'EM
YOU KNOW THE MEEK ARE GONNA GET WHAT'S COMIN' TO 'EM
BY AND BY!

BLACKOUT

ACT II

Scene 3

(The shop. Late one stormy night. THE PLANT *now occupies most of the playing area in one way or another: vines, leaves, tendrils, and of course its enormous trap.* SEYMOUR, *exhausted and harried, is hunched over a typewriter. A large portrait of* MUSHNIK *now hangs prominently, with a label reading: "Our Founder."*)

PLANT: FEED ME! FOOD! FOOOOOD!

SEYMOUR: Lay off, Twoey. Can't you see I'm busy?

PLANT: Tell it to the Marines!

SEYMOUR: Watch your language!

PLANT: *GRUB!*

SEYMOUR: Gimme a break. I've gotta finish my speech for the lecture tour. It's all about you. Gimme some peace and quiet or I'll tell 'em the truth.

PLANT: Don't get cute with me. I made you and I can break you.

SEYMOUR: Go ahead, break me! You think it's easy living with the guilt?

PLANT: Cut the crap and bring on the meat!

SEYMOUR: If only you'd eat meat. If only you'd touch a mouse or flies. But no . . . you're so particular.

PLANT: C'mon, Krelbourn. I ain't et since Mushnik and that was a week ago!

SEYMOUR: (*With meaning he obviously does not wish to divulge*) Look, just hold out one more night, can you? That's all I ask. *Life* magazine will be here in the morning to take our pictures . . .

PLANT: And *then* you'll find me somebody?

SEYMOUR: Then you'll never be hungry again. I promise.

(*A beat of silence and then an earthshaking bellow*)

PLANT: Chowtime, Krelbourn! Food! Food! Food! Feed me food! Food! Food! Food! Feed me food!

SEYMOUR: I can't take it! Stop squalling! You're driving me crazy! Just shut up, will you, for God's sake? Just—

AUDREY: (*Enters from the street to find him out of control*) Seymour! What's the matter with you?

SEYMOUR: *It's* the matter with me. Don't you think I know it needs food? Don't you think I know it'll die if I don't feed it and soon? Don't you think I'm trying to think of some way . . . some . . . one . . . Don't you think I . . . I . . .

AUDREY: Seymour, you're hysterical. What's the big deal about a little plant food? I think running this place all by yourself is too much for you. When did Mr. Mushnik say he'd be back?

SEYMOUR: Huh?

AUDREY: You know, in that note you told me he left you? The one that said he was going to visit his sister in . . .

SEYMOUR: Czechoslovakia. (*Beat*) He could be gone a very long time. Audrey . . . could I ask you something?

AUDREY: Anything.

SEYMOUR: Well, just suppose for a minute there'd never even *been* an Audrey Two. That I was just a nothing again, a nobody. Would you still like me?

AUDREY: I'd still *love* you, Seymour.

SEYMOUR: Then it's settled.

AUDREY: What's settled?

(*He pulls out a gun*)

AUDREY: A gun!

SEYMOUR: And bullets . . . and rat poison . . . and a machete. Tomorrow morning—right after *Life* magazine takes our picture—you know who bites the dust!

AUDREY: Seymour!

SEYMOUR: Right. They'll snap the photo, we'll be famous, I'll take that TV job, and we'll live a nice, quiet, normal life together. No more night feedings. No more squalling for blood!

AUDREY: What feedings? What blood? I don't get it, Seymour. Bullets, knives, rat poison. You're scaring me.

SEYMOUR: There's nothing to be scared of. We'll go away from here. I'll take you to that development you always dreamed about and once we're there we'll live happily ever after, I promise. Nice little house, nice little car, and no plants. No plants at all.

AUDREY: Seymour, you're talking so peculiar.

SEYMOUR: I'll explain everything to you tomorrow. Just go home now, Audrey. Please.

AUDREY: I can't leave you is this condition.

SEYMOUR: I'm fine.

AUDREY: You're sure?

SEYMOUR: Don't worry about me. Don't worry about anything.

(AUDREY *exits.* SEYMOUR *closes the door to the shop behind her and resumes typing. The clock advances to midnight. At the stroke of midnight* THE PLANT *speaks*)

PLANT: *FEED ME!*

SEYMOUR: Under no circumstances.

PLANT: *FEED ME!*

SEYMOUR: I will *not,* so stop asking.

PLANT: *FEED ME!*

SEYMOUR: I can't take much more of this. Look, how about I run down to Schmendrik's and get you a pound of rare roast beef? Maybe that'll hold you till *Life* magazine gets here.

PLANT: Uh-uh. No way.

SEYMOUR: It's my last offer. Yes or no?

(THE PLANT *turns its "head" a little and notices* AUDREY *out on the street, starting back toward the shop*)

PLANT: It's better than nothing.

SEYMOUR: Fine. Done. Great. And don't think you're getting dessert. (SEYMOUR *exits. Ominous music*)

"Suppertime" (Reprise)

AUDREY:
I COULDN'T SLEEP
I TOOK A SOMINEX
BUT VOICES IN MY HEAD KEPT SAYING
GO TO SEYMOUR
TALK TO SEYMOUR
I DRANK SOME TEA
BUT GEE, THE FEELING WASN'T GONE
SEYMOUR, SWEETHEART
TELL ME DARLING
WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON?

PLANT: (*Sings from inside shop*)
HEY, LITTLE LADY, HELLO

AUDREY: Who said that?

PLANT:
YOU LOOKIN' CUTE AS CAN BE

AUDREY: (*Moving toward the sound*) Is somebody in there?

PLANT:
YOU LOOKIN' MIGHTY SWEET!

AUDREY: (*Opening the door*) Seymour? Seymour?

PLANT:
NO, IT AIN'T SEYMOUR
IT'S ME!

AUDREY: (*Seeing it*) Oh my God!

PLANT:
YOUR FRIENDLY AUDREY TWO.
THIS PLANT IS TALKING TO YOU!

AUDREY: I don't believe it.

PLANT: Believe it, baby. It talks.

AUDREY: Am I dreaming this?

PLANT: No, and you ain't in Kansas, neither.

AUDREY: Something's very wrong here.

PLANT: Relax and go with it, doll. Do me a favor, will ya?

AUDREY: A favor?

PLANT: I need me some water in the worst way. Look at my branches. I'm a goner, honey. (*Sings*)
COME ON AND GIMME A DRINK.

AUDREY: I don't know if I should.

PLANT:
HEY LITTLE LADY, BE NICE.

AUDREY: You just want water, right?

PLANT:
SURE DO, I'LL DRINK IT STRAIGHT.

AUDREY: Your branches are dry, poor thing.

PLANT:
DON'T NEED NO GLASS AND NO ICE.

AUDREY: I'll get the can.

PLANT:
DON'T NEED NO TWIST OF LIME!

AUDREY: (*Finding the watering can and moving close to* THE PLANT) Here you go.

PLANT: (*Grabbing her with its tendrils*) *AND NOW IT'S SUPPERTIME!*

(THE PLANT'S *tendrils are now wound around* AUDREY'S *neck, choking her. She cries out*)

AUDREY: No! Let me go!

PLANT: Relax, sweetheart, and it'll be easier. Come on, join your dentist friend and Mushnik. They're right inside.

(*Suddenly* THE PLANT *opens wide and chomps down on her. She is now inside, from the waist up*)

AUDREY: Help!

SEYMOUR: (*Charging in from the street with the roast beef, which he drops*) Audrey! No! Get offa her! Get offa her!

(*He pries* THE PLANT *open.* AUDREY *slips out of the pod and collapses*)

SEYMOUR: Audrey—are you all right?

AUDREY: Yes.
(*She wilts further*)
No.

SEYMOUR: Don't die, Audrey. I need you. Please, please don't die.

AUDREY: (*At peace now. Fading gracefully, softly, with total sweetness and calm*) You know, the plant said the

strangest thing just now. It said that Orin and Mr. Mushnik were already inside.

SEYMOUR: It's true, Audrey. I did it. I fed them to it.

AUDREY: And that's what made it so big and strong and you so famous?

SEYMOUR: I've done terrible things. But not to you. Never to you.

AUDREY: But. (*Pause*) I want you to, Seymour.

SEYMOUR: What?

AUDREY: When I die—which should be very shortly—give *me* to the plant, so it can live to bring you all the wonderful things you deserve.

SEYMOUR: You don't know what you're saying.

AUDREY: But I do. It's the one gift I can give you. And if I'm *in* the plant, then I'm *part* of the plant . . . So in a way, we'll always be together.

"*Somewhere That's Green*" (Reprise)

YOU'LL WASH MY TENDER LEAVES
YOU'LL SMELL MY SWEET PERFUME
YOU'LL WATER ME AND CARE FOR ME
YOU'LL SEE ME BUD AND BLOOM.
I'M FEELING STRANGELY HAPPY NOW,
CONTENTED AND SERENE.
OH, DON'T YOU SEE?
FINALLY I'LL BE
SOMEWHERE THAT'S GREEN!

(AUDREY *dies in* SEYMOUR'S *arms. Music swells romantically. The sunset goes nuts.* THE PLANT'S *mammoth trap opens, emitting an unearthly light.* SEYMOUR *takes the dead* AUDREY

in his arms and carries her slowly toward THE PLANT. *The mood is one of Wagnerian splendor. A choir of unseen voices provides an M-G-M touch as* SEYMOUR *gently lays his love inside* THE PLANT, *which closes slowly on her. Music reaches a climax and then segues into* "The Meek Shall Inherit" *vamp.* CRYSTAL *appears in the doorway with* PATRICK MARTIN, *yet another sleazy opportunist, played by the same actor who played* ORIN)

CRYSTAL: That's him, Mr. Martin. He's right in there.

MARTIN: (*Slips her a five*) Thanks, sweetheart. Wait for me. (*Enters*)
Krelbourn? Seymour Krelbourn?

SEYMOUR: (*Shattered, stunned by* AUDREY'S *demise. Does not move or look at him*) Leave me alone.

MARTIN: Patrick Martin, Licensing and Marketing Division, World Botanical Enterprises. I've got a gilt-edged proposition for you.

SEYMOUR: (*Almost inaudible*) I'm not interested.

MARTIN: Let me explain in more detail. It's a very simple licensing deal. We take leaf cuttings, develop little Audrey Twos, and sell them to florists across the nation. Pretty soon, every household in America will have one.

(*Beat.* SEYMOUR *starts to get it*)

MARTIN: I've got a truck waiting outside and some pots. If you don't mind, we'll start taking cuttings right now. Imagine, boy, Audrey Twos *everywhere*. Why, with the right advertising, it could be bigger than Hula-Hoops. (*He exits*)

SEYMOUR: Bigger than Hula-Hoops.

PLANT: (*Its voice deep and majestic now*) *MUCH BIGGER!*

SEYMOUR: Every household in America . . . thousands of you . . . *eating*. That's what you've had in mind all along, isn't it?

PLANT: NO SHIT, SHERLOCK!

SEYMOUR: We're not talking about one hungry plant here. We're talking about—*world conquest!*

PLANT: AND I WANT TO THANK YOU!

SEYMOUR: You're a monster and so am I!

PLANT: *FEED ME!*

SEYMOUR: It's gotta end! It's gotta stop, right here! If only out of respect for her memory!

PLANT: Too late!

SEYMOUR: (*He pulls out the gun and fires*) Take that.

(THE PLANT *just laughs*)

SEYMOUR: And that and that and that and that and that and—

PLANT: GIVE UP, KRELBOURN!

SEYMOUR: (*Crossing to counter and getting rat poison*) Never! Here! Rat poison! Eat that! EAT IT! EAT IT! (*Forces the poison pellets into* THE PLANT)

PLANT: (*It spits them out*) Feh! Give up, small fry.

SEYMOUR: (*Seizing the machete from the Stage Right worktable*) Maybe you're tough on the outside. But in there! In that pod—I'll hack you to bits! I'll get you from inside! Open up! (*Starts to pry the large pod open*) OPEN UP! OPEN UP! OPEN UP!

(*The pod opens*)

SEYMOUR: *NOW!* (*He climbs in. Music suddenly stops. A beat of silence, after which* THE PLANT *simply spits the machete out onto the ground*)

MARTIN: (*Enters with pruning shears and a carton of empty flowerpots*) Mr. Krelbourn? Mr. Krelbourn? (*He calls outside to* CRYSTAL, CHIFFON, *and* RONNETTE, *who now enter*)

MARTIN: Okay, girls. All you have to do is snip the smaller leaves and replant them in these pots. The truck's waiting outside. (*Calling down the street as he exits*) Open the van, boys. We're ready to start loading!

FINALE ("*Don't Feed the Plants*")

(*Music under as the three* GIRLS *begin to take the cuttings. After a moment,* RONNETTE *moves Downstage, holding her tiny cutting pot. She sings to the audience*)

RONNETTE:
SUBSEQUENT TO THE EVENTS YOU HAVE JUST WITNESSED,
SIMILAR EVENTS IN CITIES ACROSS AMERICA—
EVENTS WHICH BORE A STRIKING RESEMBLANCE
TO THE ONES YOU HAVE JUST SEEN—
BEGAN OCCURRING . . .

(*The other* GIRLS *join her, moving down out of the shop as the screen closes behind them*)

GIRLS:
SUBSEQUENT TO THE EVENTS YOU HAVE JUST WITNESSED,
UNSUSPECTING JERKS FROM MAINE TO CALIFORNIA
MADE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF A NEW BREED OF FLYTRAP
AND GOT SWEET-TALKED INTO FEEDING IT BLOOD. . . .

THUS THE PLANTS WORKED THEIR TERRIBLE WILL,
FINDING JERKS WHO WOULD FEED THEM THEIR FILL

AND THE PLANTS PROCEEDED TO GROW . . .
AND GROW . . .

AND BEGIN WHAT THEY CAME HERE TO DO,
WHICH WAS ESSENTIALLY TO
EAT CLEVELAND!
AND DES MOINES!
AND PEORIA!
AND NEW YORK!
AND THIS THEATER . . .

(*The screen opens, revealing* AUDREY TWO, *now grown wide as the stage itself and fully nine feet tall. And something new has appeared on this creature: flowers. Four of them. In the center of each blood-red bloom, the face of a dead character:* SEYMOUR, MUSHNIK, AUDREY, *and* ORIN)

Dead Faces:
THEY MAY OFFER YOU FORTUNE AND FAME
LOVE AND MONEY AND INSTANT ACCLAIM
BUT WHATEVER THEY OFFER YOU,
DON'T FEED THE PLANTS!

Dead Mushnik:
THEY MAY OFFER YOU LOTS OF CHEAP THRILLS

Dead Seymour:
FANCY CONDOS IN BEVERLY HILLS

Dead Orin:
BUT WHATEVER THEY OFFER YOU,

Dead Audrey:
DON'T FEED THE PLANTS!

All:
LOOK OUT! HERE COMES AUDREY TWO!

Plant:
LOOK OUT! HERE I COME FOR YOU!

(Now this massive thing—this PLANT*—starts moving down toward the audience, faces and all, tendrils reaching for the first row—hungry mouth and grasping leaves extending toward us . . . toward us)*

COMPANY:
HOLD YOUR HAT AND HANG ONTO YOUR SOUL!
SOMETHIN'S COMIN' TO EAT THE WORLD WHOLE!
IF WE FIGHT IT, WE STILL GOT A CHANCE.
BUT WHATEVER THEY OFFER YOU—
THO' THEY'RE SLOPPIN' THE TROUGH FOR YOU—
PLEASE, WHATEVER THEY OFFER YOU,
DON'T FEED THE PLANTS.

DEAD AUDREY AND DEAD SEYMOUR:
WE'LL HAVE TOMORROW

COMPANY:
DON'T FEED THE PLANTS!

(And just as THE PLANT *is about to get to us, vines come down out of the sky over the audience's heads. The entire theater, then, is engulfed by vines and leaves . . . as lights go to black)*

THE END

(continued from front flap)

HOWARD ASHMAN's work as a librettist, lyricist and playwright has been performed at Washington's Arena Stage, Houston Grand Opera, Pittsburgh Light Opera, Princeton's McCarter Theatre and Philadelphia's Annenberg Center. He has directed at the Arena Stage, the Manhattan Theatre Club, the O'Neill Center's Composer/Librettist Conference and the WPA Theatre in New York. He is the recent recipient of a Musical Theatre Grant from the National Endowment for the Arts.

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— CLIVE BARNES, *New York Post*

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